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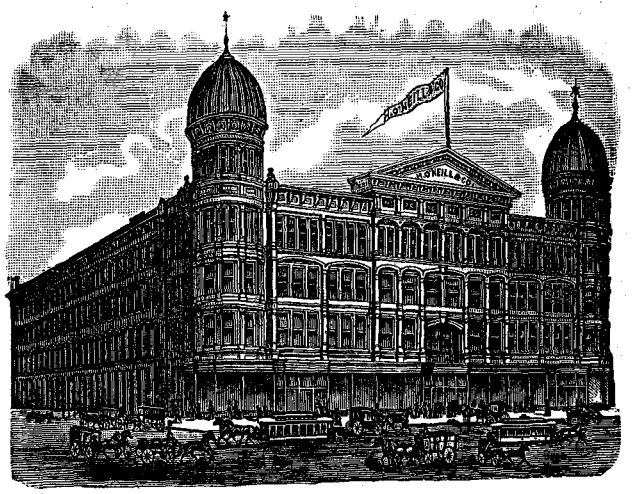

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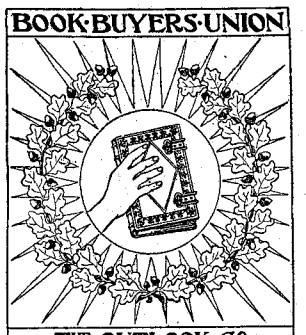

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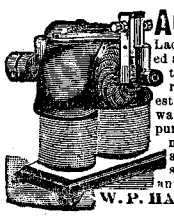

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Volume 48 For Week ending 30 September, 1893 Number 14

The Week

THE Senate debate, if it can be dignified by that name, over the repeal of the Sherman Act drags its slow length along, despite the growing impatience of the country and the disasters to commercial credit and consequent public welfare which this delay threatens. Certain test votes have indicated a very substantial majority for unconditional repeal; but, unfortunately, the majority is powerless to compel a vote. Hitherto the Senate, as formerly the House of Commons in England, has been governed by those unwritten laws of courtesy which prevail among gentlemen. It has been assumed, on the one hand, that the majority would not attempt to force a vote on any important measure without adequate discussion, and, on the other, that the minority would not introduce amendments except in good faith, nor talk upon pending measures except for purposes of serious debate, nor attempt by dilatory measures to prevent a final vote after the question at issue had been adequately discussed. But thus far all appeals by the majority to the minority to fix any date for closing the debate and taking a vote have been met with positive refusal. Some of our impatient journalists complain of the majority for not introducing the closure; but their complaint is founded on ignorance of the Senate rules. A motion to introduce the closure would simply open another flood of debate and another interminable series of amendments; and no greater expedition could be made on the new issue than on the old one. There is nothing for the majority in the Senate to do but to keep its temper, and trust that in time the instincts of gentlemen, and faith in the principle that the majority should govern, will prevail, and an opportunity to vote on the repeal will be secured by consent. Meanwhile, certainly business men, who believe that such repeal is indispensable to a restoration of confidence, would do well to organize for the purpose of urging on the Senate the right of the people to have the question determined one way or the other, that they may adjust their fall and winter business to such conditions of currency as Congress in its wisdom decides to give them.

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On the currency question we have nothing to add to what we have already said. The Sherman Act is not bimetallism, does not tend to bimetallism, is in principle opposed to bimetallism. It treats silver as a commodity, and measures it by its relation to a gold standard. A first step toward consistent bimetallism would be the repeal of this law. Whatever useful function it has served the community in furnishing an increase of currency it is serving no longer. On the contrary, its retention on the statute-book is producing a very disastrous contraction of currency, because it is producing a hoarding of gold and a diminution of credit. The real, the fundamental, question now before the country, however, is not whether this Act shall be retained or repealed, but whether the Senate, which can alone decide that question, will bring it to a decision, that business men may know what to expect, and govern themselves accordingly. Any decision, in such a case, is better than prolonged indecision.

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Last week's speeches upon the Repeal Bill were less interesting for what was said upon that subject than for the indications they gave as to the attitude of Senators toward closure and toward Mr. Cleveland's personal policy. Upon the former point it was made evident that even among the Democrats repeal would command more support than closure. Senator Mills's argument for repeal was, in a large measure, a declaration of loyalty to the President. "I will vote," he said, "to repeal the Sherman Law, and I will vote against every amendment which the ingenuity of the human mind can conceive. No amendment can be offered or adopted that does not impeach the good faith of the President." Over against this eulogy of the President must be set Senator Stewart's vehement arraignment of him. Senator Stewart spoke to the resolution "that the use of the power and influence of one department [of the Federal Government] to control the action of another is in violation of the Constitution." He began with the charge that the Administration was using the hundred thousand Federal offices at its disposal to carry through a legislative measure, and went on to urge that the President had directly disregarded his oath of office when he permitted the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase but 2,400,000 ounces of silver in July, and but 3,900,000 in August, when the law directed him "to purchase, from time to time, silver bullion to the aggregate amount of 4,500,000 ounces, or so much thereof which may be offered in each month, at the market price thereof." The Secretary's justification of the lessened purchases, it will be remembered, was that he could not secure in the American market the requisite amount of silver except by paying a higher price than corresponded to the London quotations. The other notable speech of the week was that of Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, against repeal. Senator Cameron is the one Eastern Republican who has committed himself irrevocably against repeal. Repeal, he said, would contract the currency. In its stead he proposed the free coinage of American silver and a duty on the importations of foreign silver.

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Mr. Burrows, of Michigan, made good his boast that under the new rules of the House he could prevent the transaction of any business, unless the Committee on Rules interfered against him. For a full week he prevented the placing on the calendar of a report favoring the repeal of the Federal Election laws. Each morning he

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rose in his seat and, in the blandest possible way, moved to dispense with the calling of committees for reports. Upon this motion the yeas and nays were demanded, and the Republicans refrained from voting. As a great many Democratic members had left Washington immediately after the passage of the Repeal Bill, and the Republicans refrained from voting, the end of the roll-call showed, day after day, that a quorum was not present, and there was no way in which the Democrats could proceed with business except by adopting Mr. Reed's ruling that members who were physically present but failed to answer the roll-call could be counted as present in order to make up a quorum. On Wednesday of last week, however, the Democrats succeeded in getting enough of their members back to make a quorum without Republican assistance. When this was secured, Mr. Catchings, of the Committee on Rules, arose as soon as Mr. Burrows had made his regular motion, and said: "Pending that motion, Mr. Speaker, I present a report from the Committee on Rules." Mr. Burrows objected that the report was not in order under the rules of the House. No proposition, he said, had been referred to that Committee, and nothing could be reported from it. Speaker Crisp overruled this objection, on the ground that the Committee on Rules had the power to originate measures. Mr. Burrows appealed from the Speaker's decision, and Mr. Fitch, a Democratic leader, moved to table the repeal. Mr. Burrows then moved that the House take a recess for an hour. The Speaker refused to entertain this motion. Mr. Reed then rose and asked whether the Chair ruled that the motion was "dilatory." This, of course, called forth laughter on the Republican side, for one of the charges against Mr. Reed had been that he declared certain motions dilatory. Another motion for recess was made, which the Speaker ruled out of order, and when his decision was appealed from he refused to entertain the appeal. His authority for so doing was a new rule of the House forbidding more than one dilatory motion when a report of the Committee on Rules was pending. Mr. Reed, amid continuous laughter on the Republican side, compared the rulings of the day with those he had made while speaker. "The Democratic party," he said, "had either to resort to everything they had denounced, or be beaten. Having their choice between humiliation and defeat, they had chosen humiliation. They had deliberately settled themselves into the traces that they had affected to despise."

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The report of the Committee on Rules was to the effect that debate upon the Federal Election Bill could be continued from September 26 until October 9, and that on October 10 the bill and its amendments should be voted upon. While the subject of the consideration of this bill was before the House, there was next to no debate upon its merits, but enough was said to make it clear that it would introduce partisanship into the consideration of even non-partisan measures. Mr. Grosvenor, of Ohio, who voted for the Wilson Repeal Bill, declared that it was barely possible that when this bill came again before the House with the Voorhees amendment, it would not get enough Republican votes to secure its passage. "The reasons for the passage of the Wilson Bill," he said, "are rapidly passing away." In the Senate the same point has been raised in connection with Senator Platt's resolution to introduce closure into the Senate. Mr. Lodge, of Massachusetts, has indeed declared himself ready to support this resolution, although it would help the Democratic majority to repeal all Federal laws relating to Federal elections, and pass any tariff bill which suited them. It is not, however, believed that Mr. Lodge's zeal in behalf of the Repeal Bill is at all prevalent throughout the Republican ranks.

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The introduction into the House of a measure for the repeal of the Federal Election laws raises two questions: one, the expediency of those laws; the other, the propriety of bringing the question of their repeal before the present Congress. The second is the immediately important question, as it is preliminary to the other. We are not concerned with the political reasons which led to the introduction of this measure at this time. If, as is suggested by some of the newspapers, it was thought necessary to introduce it in order to prevent divisions in the Democratic party, the fact augurs but ill for the future of that party. Certainly the Federal Election laws are not working any gross injustice anywhere at the present time, such as calls for extraordinary haste in their repeal. And to seize on this extraordinary session, called together for quite a different purpose, and endeavor to force the repeal through under what look very like autocratic rulings of the Chair, does indicate extraordinary, not to say indecorous, haste. The present session of Congress was necessitated by a commercial panic, whose disastrous effects were felt by men of all parties. The President summoned it to take non-partisan action for the public relief. The repeal of the Sherman Act cannot be regarded as a party measure, and was not carried through the House by a party vote. If the Federal Election laws are repealed, it will be by a strict party vote. To seize such an occasion for pressing through the House a party measure, with no extraordinary exigency calling for any immediate action on the subject, will certainly do the party more harm in the country by the alienation of voters who always resent such maneuvers, than it can possibly do the party good in the House by welding the factions together in the heats of a political battle.

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The appointment by President Cleveland of Mr. William B. Hornblower, of this city, to the position of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States is a recognition of legal ability of the very highest order. Mr. Hornblower is, with a single exception, the youngest man who has ever gone on to the Supreme Court bench; but, although only forty-two years of age, the new Associate Justice has secured a very exceptional position and won an exceptional reputation at the bar. He comes of a judicial stock, which has more than once furnished eminent representatives to the bench. His grandfather was Chief Justice of New Jersey, the late Justice Bradley was his uncle, and Justice Woodford, of the United States Circuit Court, bore the same relation to him. Graduating from Princeton in 1873, he began the practice of law in this city, and rapidly developed legal talents of an exceptionally high order. He has been associated in many of the most important lawsuits of the last ten years, and has been especially in demand in cases requiring unusual legal knowledge and the keenest legal intelligence. His insight into legal principles and his ability to get at the substance of involved questions have been widely recognized by the members of the bar, and have been constantly employed. He is a Democrat in politics, but he is entirely without political backing or association with Democratic factions. His appointment is one of a class which give politicians the smallest possible satisfaction. Wherever he has acted in political life Mr. Hornblower has shown marked independence, courage, and fidelity to principle.

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The attempt to hang a negro who had assaulted and nearly killed a white woman at Roanoke, Va., last week

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was promptly met by the Mayor, who called out the militia for the purpose of preserving the peace. The streets in the vicinity of the jail were cleared, guards were posted, and every notification was made to the community that any attempt to seize the prisoner for the purpose of inflicting lynch-law upon him would be met by a determined resistance. The crowd, however, continued to increase, and riotous demonstrations were made, culminating in the destruction of a part of the jail. At this point, according to reports, the mob began firing, the Mayor being one of the victims. The militia were then ordered to return the fire, and nine men were killed and many more wounded, some of them fatally. The following morning, the crowd not having yet dispersed and the prisoner being still in danger, an attempt was made to get him out of town. He was taken across the river and into the woods, but the pursuit by the mob was so close that the attendants thought it wise to return the prisoner to the jail. Unfortunately, they were discovered by a gang of men, who took the negro out of their keeping and hung him to the nearest tree. Not satisfied with this summary vengeance, a bonfire was made and the body consumed. The Mayor, who did his duty in a very difficult situation, has been obliged to fly for his life. The crime of which the negro Smith was guilty was one punishable by law, and there was no excuse for the outbreak of the Roanoke mob, nor for the brutality which attended the proceedings. The prisoner was not saved, but the Roanoke mob discovered that the order of the community cannot be violated without very serious consequences. The sooner that lesson can be taught in every part of the country, and especially in the South, the better for sound government and for the reputation of the Nation. There is nothing more brutal or discouraging in our modern life than such transactions as that which took place at Roanoke last week.

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After eight months of long sessions and exciting debates the English Parliament has adjourned, leaving as the result of its work for the year a bill for Irish Home Rule adopted by a comparatively small majority in the Commons and rejected by an overwhelming majority in the Lords. This seems a small outcome, but when one takes into account the revolution of opinion which it represents, it takes its place as a historical achievement which promises to be of the first magnitude in Parliamentary history. Rarely in the history of free institutions has there been a more persistent and courageous fight against prejudice, proscription, and traditional policy than that which Mr. Gladstone has made in the Commons. His political sagacity in dealing with Parliamentary procedure and with his own followers is quite on a par with his political genius, and never have the two been more thoroughly taxed than during the session just ended. He remains at this point master of the situation, the very magnitude of the majority against him in the House of Lords constituting a new element of strength in his attitude toward the English democracy. He has declined to allow the House of Lords to force a dissolution and an appeal to the country. Every day between now and the next legislative discussion of Irish Home Rule will bring more distinctly to the minds of English voters the anomalous situation which permits the defeat of the popular will by a body of men many of whom are ignorant of the subject in hand and the vast majority of whom never show the slightest interest in public affairs, save when brought together by the Conservative whips to defeat a Liberal measure. Mr. Gladstone is to speak during the present week, and his utterances are awaited with a great deal of interest. It is not likely that the burden of his speech will be the "mending or ending" of the House of Lords. It is probable that he will endeavor to make the opposition of the Lords contribute to the strength of his own position, and that he will strike out two or three new lines of policy for the Liberal party.

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The Outlook has reported from time to time the growing antagonism between the two elements in Bohemia, the Czechs and the Germans—an antagonism which it was hoped would be allayed by the compromise arranged by the Emperor last year, under the provisions of which the two elements were recognized almost impartially in the entire governmental organization of the country. This compromise was accepted apparently in good faith by the Old Czechs party, but was rejected by the Young Czechs, who seem to be growing rapidly and who are more determined and aggressive in their demands every day. These demands involve a transformation of the relation of Bohemia to the Austrian Empire and its recognition as an independent federal State, the Emperor to be crowned King at Prague, and the native Bohemians to be intrusted with the administration, both local and general, of the country. The refusal of the Emperor to grant these demands has been followed by disturbances of so distinctly revolutionary a character that the articles of the Bohemian Constitution which guarantee liberty of the press, freedom of popular assemblage, and the right of trial by jury for political offenses have been suspended, and Prague is now under martial law. The Emperor himself has been subjected to great indignities; his statue in the old city has been mutilated; the flag of the Empire has been trampled under foot, and for the national anthem have been substituted patriotic French and Russian songs. The possible bearing of this not only upon the integrity of the Austrian Empire, but upon the effectiveness of the Triple Alliance in the event of war, is evident. If the disaffection spreads further and takes the form of a national agitation, drawing in the Old Czechs and unifying the entire body, it will place the Emperor in a very embarrassing position, and may bring about a crisis in the history of the Austrian Empire.

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Two years ago the Federal Government in Switzerland followed the example previously set by most of the Cantonal Governments, by giving to private citizens the right to require a vote of the whole people upon any proposition for which a certain number of citizens petition. The first proposition brought before the nation in this way is a most curious one; its subject is the method in which animals may be slaughtered. According to the account published in the October "Review of Reviews," the Jews do not include among their many virtues that of the merciful slaughter of animals. On the contrary, it is a violation of the Jewish rites to put an animal out of pain before its throat is cut. Among the German-Swiss the requisite fifty thousand signatures were secured to the petition that a vote be taken on the proposition that the slaughter of animals not previously stunned should be prohibited throughout Switzerland. To secure its adoption, a majority of the Cantons, as well as a majority of the citizens, was necessary. The vote by Cantons has proved to be a close one; 11½ Cantons voted for the prohibition, and 10½ against it. The vote of the citizens was 195,000 to 120,000 in favor of the prohibition. The marked difference between the cantonal vote and the popular vote is due to the fact that the two populous cantons, Berne and Zurich, are both German, and it is distinctively the German-Swiss who favor the prohibition. The vote in Zurich was six to one in

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favor of the new regulation, while in the French canton of Geneva the vote was six to one against it.

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The Outlook has already commented on the discussion which has been going on in France of late concerning the rapid increase of the alien population in that country. We are so in the habit of holding the doors open to foreigners, and of seeing them in great numbers without any apprehension, that it is difficult for us to appreciate the position of a country like France, surrounded by other nations, some of which are distinctly antagonistic. The question of sympathy between a foreign population in this country and an enemy in case of war has never arisen. In France, however, that question is forced upon the minds of people by the fact that both Italy and Germany are within striking distance, and that there are in France no less than 350,000 Italians and a very large number of Germans, to say nothing of half a million Belgians and 200,000 Spaniards and Austrians. This foreign population now approximates two millions of men, and the New York "Tribune" reports that nearly half the number have received military training at home and figure as reserves on the lists of their respective armies. This body of foreigners is concentrated largely in the districts on the Italian and German frontiers, and it is apparently the perception of the embarrassments, not to say dangers, which might arise from this body of foreigners in the event of war, rather than economic considerations, which has started the discussion now going on in France with regard to the policy to be taken toward them. In this connection Frenchmen note with alarm also the very slight growth of the native population of the country.

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An interesting feature of the recent Chicago Congress to consider Social and Economic Science was the reading of a paper by Mr. N. O. Nelson, head of the N. O. Nelson Manufacturing Company, of St. Louis. Its title was "From Profit-Sharing to Co-operation," and it bore directly on the way in which profit-sharing stands the test of hard times. Mr. Nelson's company has been conducted on profit-sharing principles for eight years. It has, during these eight years, paid dividends on wages of eight per cent. per annum, six per cent. dividends being first declared on the capital invested. Employees who choose to do so are allowed to become shareholders in the company. Mr. Nelson stated that for the last two months the employees in his factories have been working full time on three-quarters pay "for the double purpose of husbanding resources and joining in the loss of this unfavorable year, should there be any." The amount deducted from wages is to be made up out of future profits, and the capital invested shares in the same ratio of reduction as wages. In closing so satisfactory a review of the relations of capital and wages under profit-sharing conditions, Mr. Nelson expressed his own faith that "genuine co-operation will lead us out of the nervous scramble of competitive business into a reasonable system of mutual service." Mr. Nicholas P. Gilman, whose investigations of profit-sharing have made him an authority on the subject, followed Mr. Nelson. He summed up his congratulations in these words: "I call it good times when we can turn from the Chicago Lake Front to St. Louis and the N. O. Nelson Manufacturing Company in such a condition as has just been described. To put a workman into the same class with his employer is the philosophy of the whole labor question, and an example like this is worth more than all the rhetoric in the world."

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The opening of another great school for technical and scientific education, the Armour Institute of Chicago, which owes its existence to the far-seeing liberality of a man whom the world knows chiefly as "the big pork-packer," illustrates freshly how large is the demand for this practical training. There were 1,200 applications for admission to the various departments on the opening days. Of these applicants less than half, unfortunately, could be admitted. The Rev. Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, the President, stated that, to avoid friction in inaugurating so complicated an institution, only 500 students would be received. The number may be increased to 700 during the year. The departments of Armour Institute include the academic, electricity and electrical engineering, mechanical engineering, library science, domestic arts, commerce, mining engineering and metallurgy, architecture, and normal kindergarten. A course in civil engineering will be opened very soon. The special pride of the Institute is the complete equipment of Machinery Hall, the apparatus of which is sufficient for the construction of an engine of one hundred horse-power. By an arrangement with the Art Institute, courses in architecture are provided. The department of domestic arts includes instruction in cooking, dressmaking, and millinery, and a thorough training for work in the home.

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Women factory inspectors were conspicuous at the recent meeting of the International Association of Factory Inspectors in Chicago, and contributed perhaps more than their proportionate share to the interest of the proceedings. It is worth while to note, in passing, that, by invitation of the Trustees of the Chicago University, the Association held some of its meetings in the University chapel. This was a courteous and fitting recognition of the fact that a university does not depart from its true purpose in countenancing any cause which aims to advance humanity. The first paper was read by Margaret Finn, of New York, who stated that there are nearly 150,000 women employed in the factories of that State. These women, she justly claimed, are entitled, as a matter of right, to inspectors of their own sex, to whom they can more easily than to men make many complaints. "The women are now recognized," she said, "as just as good inspectors as the men." Miss M. B. McEnery, of Philadelphia, presented a very interesting summary of what factory inspection laws have done for her sex in Pennsylvania. Five years of enforcement has resulted in the disappearance from the streets of the "puny children and haggard women who once used them." These are now the exception, not the rule. Miss McEnery, speaking generally and with pardonable optimism, said: "Employers secure greater and better returns from labor in twelve hours than they formerly did in sixteen and eighteen hours a day, and employees are better able to give the returns. Pennsylvania has practically abolished sweat-shops. She has thrown her protecting arms about the helpless and oppressed, and made the factory inspector the moral and temporal redeemer of this vast army of employees."

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Hardly second in importance to the Parliament of Religions will be the Conferences to be held at Chicago, October 8–15, under the auspices of the Evangelical Alliance, the general programme of which appeared in our columns last week, while the programme of Section Conferences appears this week. An examination of the themes presented shows a very careful survey of the whole field of applied Christianity, while the selection of names indicates a determination to bring on to the platform in each case those who have had practical dealings with the aspects of Christian work which they present. The Conference will consti-

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tute in effect a school of applied Christianity, and, in comprehensiveness and competency of discussion, ought to furnish one of the most valuable features of this memorable summer in Chicago.

The Parliament of Religions

The amount of wise forethought and patient toil expended by Mr. Bonney and Dr. Barrows in accomplishing, the first the World's Congresses, the second the particular Congress known as the Parliament of Religions, will never be appreciated nor even understood by the multitudes who attended in person and the larger multitudes who have obtained through the press the advantage of their labors. The value of achievements, however, is to be measured, not by the toil they cost, but by the service they render. Will the Parliament of Religions be of any real service to mankind? or is it merely an intellectual curiosity, a sort of Athenian pageant, appealing for the moment to those who are always curiously seeking to tell or to hear some new thing? What will be the issue—what, if any, the profit of it all?

If we interpret it aright, it is more than either an intellectual curiosity or a remarkable achievement. For a century the fame of America as a home for the poor has been extending, and men of various races and religions have been seeking here for that opportunity for themselves and their children which in older lands was denied them. This human interest becomes at last so strong and so widespread that when prophetic men see the opportunity, the world shows itself ready for it. The religious thought-leaders of other lands—Japan, China, India, eastern Europe—come across the sea, partly, no doubt, to tell us what their faith is, but certainly not less to learn what our faith is. This is the first and most patent fact. The first and most apparent duty of the Christian Church was to send thither its ablest representatives to tell the wise men from the East what the Christian faith is. The Roman Catholic Church, with characteristic sagacity, saw and took full advantage of the occasion. With what seems to us a singular fatuity, the Anglican communion stayed away. But, despite that unfortunate fact, Protestant Christianity was worthily represented: in a great variety of forms of thought, it is true; but Protestantism could not be truly represented in any other way.

The first effect of this Parliament of Religions must be to correct the opinion too often entertained, and sometimes even sedulously cultivated, that all forms of religion but our own are a mixture of ignorance and superstition. There is as little ground for the Christian charge that all foreign priests are self-seekers as for the analogous Protestant charge against all Roman Catholic priests, or for the similar infidel charge against all Christian ministers. The ecclesiastic's coat is no sure preventive of selfishness; the ecclesiastical spectacles are no guarantee of the truth. But whatever other impression the various speakers at the Parliament of Religions may have left on the minds of their audiences, there is no doubt that they left one of profound spiritual earnestness. The Shinto priest, the Buddhist philosopher, and the Roman Catholic Archbishop were not one whit less serious in their quest for truth and righteousness than the Protestant theologian. These men were all children of God, with the heart-hunger for God, with their faces set toward God—and with some message from God.

For, to the unprejudiced, scarcely less clear was the lesson that each had some word to utter which was worth hearing by the others. The different faiths to which men are conducted by their quest for truth do not drive us to believe either that there is no truth, or that all faiths are equally valuable expressions of it. There remains a third alternative—that truth is so large and the individual man so small that no one man, no one race of men, sees it all. Not only is our sight obscured by prejudice, not only is our seeking not wholly pure from selfishness and self-will, but we see from different points of view, and through different moods and temperaments. If the Oriental is too mystical, the Occidental is not mystical enough; if the one uses his imagination too much, the other uses it not enough; if the one constructs a philosophy of dreams, the other tends to deny all truth which comes by vision; if one worships only the God within himself, and seems almost to deny both divine and human personality, the other forgets that God can be truly worshiped only as he is within ourselves. We can give the Orient lessons in thinking and doing; but the Orient can teach us how to be still and know that God is God.

It is probable that there will be some tendency, as a first result of this Parliament—such a tendency seemed to us discernible in certain indications in the sessions themselves and in the not always profound reflections thereupon in the daily journals—to reduce religion to a mere sentiment; to think and to declare that there is no great difference between different religions, and even to applaud more generously the unexpected utterance of religious feeling by the apostles of curious face, figure, and attire than the more familiar, if soberer, utterances of Anglo-Saxon Christians; to convert the occasion into one of mutual admiration, and to separate with the comfortable reflection that we are all going to heaven together. But we are persuaded that this is a sentiment as temporary as it is superficial, and that when the report of this Parliament is published, as it soon will be, and is read and studied with care, as it ought to be, it will do more than merely give a new and valuable object-lesson in comparative religion. It will also convince at least all thoughtful Christians that what other religions seek for, the religion of Jesus Christ gives. He who believes in the religion of Jesus Christ can ask for no better demonstration of its truth than that it be placed side by side with other forms of the religious life, and with those other forms presented by their ablest advocates and in their noblest forms—with Shintoism, by its very nature local and provincial; with Confucianism, the most ancient form of the modern school of ethical culture; with Brahmanism, the parent of all mediæval and modern mysticism; with Buddhism, whose doctrine of God is, We cannot know him, and whose doctrine of life is, It is better not to be; and with Mohammedanism, at its best estate an incarnate and unmerciful Law. In contrast with these forms of religion the Christian sees in Jesus Christ a Saviour, not of a race or a nation, but of the whole world; an ethical teacher who gives with his instructions power to fulfill them; a seer whose visions are confirmed by a well-attested history; a religious teacher who reveals the before unknown God, and glorifies the life from which Buddha seeks escape; a Son of God who reveals, because he incarnates, the divine mercy.

The wise student will get from this Parliament both a broader and a profounder conception of Christianity; he will learn that it is more than Romanism or Anglicanism or Puritanism or Protestantism or even Occidentalism; he will perhaps even perceive that Mozoomdar is right, and that there is an Oriental Christ whom we have not known. But he can reach no other conclusion than that the real question for the world is, not between different forms of

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religion, each of which contributes something which the others lack, so that out of all a universal religion is yet to be constructed, but between the doctrine of Strauss that man is not a religious creature, and the Christianity of Jesus Christ. We believe that the final issue of the Religious Parliament will be at once to broaden our conception of Christianity and to make its acceptance both a logical and a spiritual necessity.

Hoarding Other People's Money

Much has been said of late about the hoarding of money as the cause of the scarcity of currency, and doubtless much money has been hoarded by those timorous people who lose faith in banks and financial enterprises of every sort whenever the clouds begin to darken the commercial sky. There is, however, another kind of hoarding not less disastrous and far less pardonable, and that is the postponement of the payment of debts, large and small. In such a time there are always people who are in condition to discharge their obligations, but who, apprehensive of the uncertainties of the future, are unwilling to part with funds which are in their hands, but which really belong to others. A man who owes a thousand dollars, and has that sum on deposit, but refuses to disburse it because he fears he may need it in some contingency, is putting on to the shoulders of other people a risk and burden which belong to him, and which he has no right to transfer. One of the first results of a panic is a well-nigh universal difficulty in collecting small accounts, due often for the necessities of life. In such crises the butcher and the grocer are often left unpaid, not because the debtor has not the money with which to discharge his obligations, but because he is panic-stricken and will not let the money go out of his hands. Now, this is not only a kind of dishonesty, but it intensifies and spreads distress; it adds fuel to the flame. To pay one's debts promptly, if it is in one's power, is a duty of peculiar and pressing urgency in such a time as this; if all such debts were paid to-day, what remains of stringency would largely disappear. The hoarding of money by the debtor is a hoarding of other people's funds.

The Railroad Massacres

There was another addition last week to the long list of railroad slaughters which have made this summer memorable. This time the massacre occurred on the Wabash road, at Kingsbury, Ind. A freight train bound east was on a siding west of the station. The first section of an express train passed on the main track at about half-past five on Friday morning. The brakeman who had charge of the switch has run away, but it is supposed that after the passage of the first section he threw the switch open just in time to deflect the second section of the express, coming at the rate of fifty-five miles an hour, from the main track and precipitate it like a thunderbolt on the freight train, with a loss of twelve persons killed and many seriously, if not fatally, injured. A few weeks ago a misplaced signal on a Long Island railroad sent two trains crashing together; and the failure to restore the bolts in a bridge at Chester, Mass., precipitated an express train to the bottom of a river. The Springfield "Republican" estimates the loss of life and the injury to persons from railroad accidents in this country during last month at sixty-one dead and ninety-six more or less seriously injured. This, of course, does not include the accident on the Wabash Such a record as this ought not to be passed by without the most serious examination. Everything that can be done to reach and remedy the causes of these disasters ought to be done at once by legislative, corporative, and private action. On many roads there is a great deal still to be done in the way of perfecting the mechanism of travel —the safety of the road-bed, of the rolling-stock, and of the signal system. When all this has been done, as it has been on some of the stronger roads, a great deal remains to be done in the selection and drill of employees. It is not enough for a railroad to put its road and its rolling-stock in the best possible condition, and to make use of the latest inventions in the way of signals. It must secure intelligent men, pay them living salaries, and work them under conditions which permit the best use of their faculties. Underpaid, ignorant, and overworked men cannot be expected to handle switches and signals with accuracy; and so long as these conditions obtain on some railroads the roads are just as much responsible as if they had neglected mechanical equipment. Rigid investigation and impartial punishment in the event of accident ought to become the uniform law and policy of this country, and must become so. The safety of human life is the very first consideration, and the most exacting inspection of railroads is not too great price to pay for freedom from these horrible massacres by rail.

A Beautiful Talent

There are two maxims of Goethe's which are the pure gold of truth in one of the most trying relations of life—our relation to those who, being of us and with us, are developing gifts and capacities above us: "Against the great superiority of another there is no remedy but love," and, "To praise a man is to put one's self on his level." In these brief and pithy sayings is contained the whole philosophy of a noble attitude towards superiority of all kinds. There are many who cannot meet the test of having friends and associates pass them in the race by force of greater gifts, and who note the development of talent in others, if not with envy, at least with coldness and silence. In such an attitude there is not only a confession of defeat, but the loss of a great opportunity—the kind of loss that is always coming to the egotist. A gift of any kind is a resource added to life; a new contribution to the capital which makes society rich. The right-minded man rejoices when the common wealth increases, and finds delight in the work which brings in the added riches; the fact that he lives in a modest house makes him all the more appreciative of the general beauty of the metropolis in which he is a citizen. Moreover, as Goethe suggests, we share in great gifts by recognizing and honoring them. To keep Shakespeare a closed volume because we envy his marvelous power is not to harm Shakespeare but to impoverish ourselves; to take delight in Shakespeare is to partake of his genius and put ourselves on his level. In like manner, to be the first to recognize a dawning superiority in some one who stands near us is not only to give our own nature a beautiful and worthy expression, but to share in the development of a new and inspiring gift. The power of appreciation is itself a beautiful gift, and its culture means the possession of a talent as generous as it is beautiful. To possess it is to drive out the shadow of envy, and to give swift hospitality to truth and beauty. We reveal our own natures by our attitude towards superiority in others.

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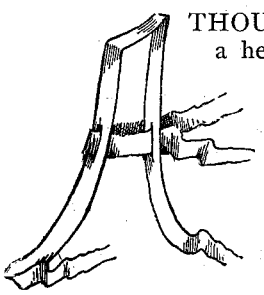
The Art of Going Without

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps



THOUGHTFUL man, to whom life had brought a heavy share of what we are accustomed, for want of a polite phrase, to call discipline, once said:

"When God sends a new trouble upon me, I set myself to work at once to bear it as well as I can, hoping that I may be able in this way to bring about the effect upon my character which He has in mind as an end in chastising me, and so—who knows?—possibly shorten the duration or diminish the severity of the experience."

This was said by one of the contemplative, solitary Christians whose close attention to the problems of the inner life gives something resembling a spiritual shrewdness to their methods of thought—a something, by the way, which really may deserve, at the least, as much respect as that worldly wisdom to which we so heartily defer in the experience of men of affairs.

Whether or not the individual conclusion of this wise saint can be converted into a general maxim, it is plainly true that the final cause of an affliction is already half gained when one has learned to bear it.

The monetary strain through which our Nation has been passing will bring a vast amount of familiar misery upon thousands of people well used to being miserable in certain familiar ways; but it will bring upon other thousands of another sort a species of suffering as new as if they were expatriated to an undeveloped planet.

It is these who have the lesson of the times to learn. People who have gone cold and hungry and homeless and hopeless before—they are the post-graduates in the great university of hardship; and while they may need immediate relief more than their hitherto more fortunate fellows, they need education less.

The men and women who have never gone without, or who have not gone without for so long that they have forgotten they ever knew how, are the most pitiable pupils of this hard school. They stand at the foot of the long class which present distress and anxiety for the future are training from end to end of our troubled land.

"But how should I know?" cried an eminent woman who has spent her life in bettering the condition of the very poor and disastrously ignorant. "What could I do? If I had to support *myself*—how should I be taught to do it?"

Approaching the evening of life, spent in vigor, shielded all her days from the winds of the world, understanding no more of the laws of business than is necessary to indorse her checks, and no more able to provide for herself than a marble statue of Saint Elizabeth with her lapful of roses—what *could* she do?

The practice of economy needs training as much as the practice of any other science; and the worst of a situation like the present is that so many of us are forced into the exercise of a skill for which we are without education of hand or brain or spirit.

"There always seems to be some conclusive reason why I have to buy the most expensive things," said, plaintively, a lady whom I once accompanied to make a trifling purchase. She paid two dollars for an article for which I had never paid more than fifty cents. She had lost property, and every dime counted to her slender purse.

But, blessed be the brave old law which puts man upon his mettle to conquer the unconquerable! There is a deal of satisfaction to be got out of pecuniary perplexities, if one goes to work intelligently to get it. The art of going without may be made as graceful and as winsome as it is difficult.

"The family had lost two fortunes," said a guest from a Southern home. "I was with them once when we had nothing to eat for three weeks but fried potatoes, three times a day. And I never was so happy in my life."

One of Grace King's pleasant sketches pictures the pluck and wit of a gracious old lady who sinks by stages from splendor to squalor.

"My dear, do you know that there really is such a thing as existence without a carriage and horses?"—"I assure you it is perfectly new to me to find that an opera-box is not a necessity."—"She took to hobbling, as if from tired or sore feet. 'It is nothing,' she said: 'made-to-order feet learning to walk in ready-made shoes; that's all.'"—"At one time I thought if all the luxuries of the world were exposed to me, and but one choice allowed, I should select gloves. Believe me, there is no superfluity in the world so easily dispensed with."

Like everything else in this life, poverty, whether relative or absolute, can be made a cross or a crown. It is all in the way we take it. Who of us has not known homes where the sweet, bright spirit that ruled them has wrought romance out of sodden care and rude denial? In later life, when we look back upon the deprivations of our first youth, what is it that we most vividly remember—the things we had, or the things we did not have? A hundred to one, I venture to say, we recall the glory of possession rather than the gloom of denial. The little inventions and plots and plans by which a quick brain and a cheery heart contrive to bridge the black chasm between demand and supply "hold fast all that they gave us" of the sweetest things in character and the bravest things in love.

Children especially, with their light, bird-like views of the facts of daily life, are hard to injure and easy to please with the shifts of a wisely managed household economy. I remember, in one bright home on Andover Hill, what a privilege were considered the home-made dyes which the limits of the Professor's salary made a picturesque necessity. To this day I recall the gorgeous hues of—I think it was the white-oak—the rich canary-yellow in which the children's mufflers or coats took their walks abroad beneath the theologic elms, as a something glorious, long since unattainable, and forever to be hopelessly desired, like a rainbow, or the jewels in the gates of gold. There is more poetry in those yellow clothes to-day, I dare to believe, than any Beacon Street baby of that time can possibly wring, now, out of the memories of his correct little wardrobe ordered *carte blanche* from the fashionable children's tailor of the day.

The art of going without may be slowly, but it can be brightly, learned. It needs due patience, some pluck, and, doubtless, the proper share of Christian grace and resignation. But it needs something else, if I may say so, just as important, and more apt to be overlooked. It needs the mere worldly qualities of good spirits, and good sense, and inventive ability. It is not enough to accept the will of the Lord, and give up one's trip to Chicago. One prefers to do it gracefully, graciously, and even with a disposition to be jolly about it. It is not enough distinctly to buy no new clothes, or go without furs, or substitute corned-beef for sirloin roast, or a corn-cob pipe for regalias. It is worth while to see "the fun" in it, since it has got to be done. It is not enough to cut down the open fires, and curtail the egg bills, and wear the overcoat shiny in the seams, or even to resign from the club and read the magazines at the public library. Rather make an interesting game of deprivation, and play for the stakes of sweet temper, and a merry courage, and the class of values which are to be had by going without another class.

One of the most exquisite courtship scenes in all literature is that where George Eliot's Dorothea naïvely cries to her poor and proud young lover: "I don't mind about poverty. . . . Oh, I want so little—no new clothes—and I will learn what everything costs!"

It is not easy to say, till one has studied the matter in the school of absolute experience, how few things there are in life that can be classified as the must-be, the essential.

When the horses' feet are gone, one's own are left. When the cook refuses reduction of wages, there is the cook-

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book, and brain and hands to use it. Must the parlor be repapered? But why? Must the boy have the dues for his secret society? Let him earn them, as his father did before him. "I lived all summer at Cottage City," said the mistress of one of our most complex Boston mansions, "with one maid, and only four dishes to cook with."

Some of us can remember how the smoothly sliding scale of expenditure mounted years ago—when two pairs of kid gloves a year would do, where two dozen are needed now; when cream was not a necessity to coffee; when one was expected to be quite ill before the fire was lighted in one's bedroom in January. Was life, after all, so much harder then? Is it so much easier now? In fine, how serious *is* the affliction of plain living and high thinking? It is not hazarding much to say that it is the lightest to which fate has seen fit to expose our tossed and tested lives.

That was a wise philanthropist who dared to say: "Cold and hunger are not the worst things in the world." At all events, to think so is going far toward making ready to endure them should they indeed befall.

How to Reach Men

VI.—Preaching a Living Message

By the Rev. Thomas L. Cole, D.D.[1]

"To reach the hearts and lives of men" the minister should preach as a living man to living men. The preacher who would influence life must have life in himself, and of that life he must give. He must preach out of his own experience. He must tell, not what has been told him of men or what he has read in books merely, but that which he has realized in life and which he thus knows. He must deliver, not the message given to some other man, but that which God has given to him. True, if he be a faithful minister he will try the voice which speaks to him by the revelation given to other men, and especially by that contained in the canonical Scriptures; he will correct his individual experience by the common consciousness of the catholic Church; he will gladly and thankfully receive the heritage from the Church in the past, he will cordially and fully enter into the common life of the Church of to-day. But, after all, it must be his life educated by these, and his message modified by these, which he must give if he will truly reach men.

Not only, however, must the preacher speak from his own life in order to reach the lives of others, but he must speak directly to those lives. By many methods a crowd may be attracted, the ear tickled, the intellect pleased, or even superficial emotion stirred, but the heart will not truly be reached or the life stirred unless the preacher speak directly to the heart and life.

Once more, while it is true that multitudes are weary of theological disquisitions, cant exhortations, and formal "Gospel sermons," falsely so called, yet the human heart longs as never before, perhaps, for a reconciling word, for some light on the great mysteries of life; and the preacher who, without pretending to know the unknowable or explain the inexplicable, shall, finding in Jesus Christ "the way, the truth, and the life," interpret God and life to man and man to himself—that preacher will not fail to reach the lives of men. Let a man out of his own conscious sonship to God speak to the son in his hearers, let him point out with the convincing power of conviction that the "son learns obedience through the things which he suffers," and that temptation is the conditioning force in the formation of character, and his interpretation of sin and suffering will not fail to reach many a perplexed life.

But, further, the interpretation of life must be in a language understood of the people, and the eternal truth must be applied to the conditions and circumstances of life which surround those to whom the preacher speaks. The prophets of Judah applied the truth that the strength of a nation lies in righteousness and not in the "arm of flesh" to the political situation of their times; and, while the details of Assyrian and Egyptian alliances may have a historical interest for an American hearer to-day, yet they cannot be expected to vitally move him; but if that great truth revealed through those prophets be applied to our increasing armament and foreign policy, it may be expected to reach him. The beautiful parables of our Lord embodied in incidents and facts familiar to his hearers the truths of his kingdom; but if those truths are to reach the lives of men whose whole experience lies within the borders of a modern European or American city, it will be, not by dissecting the drapery of the parable, but by embodying in incidents and facts familiar to this city hearer the divine truth clothed in that drapery.

Lastly, man is not only a "political animal," as Aristotle declares, but he is a member of the great family of mankind, and the preacher who will speak to this relationship will reach that heart and life of man which instinctively shrinks from the loneliness of individualism, and unconsciously, perhaps, reaches out to a fuller life. Interpret to man his true relationship to family, Church, State, and mankind at large, and you will be likely to reach him.

Turning to the thought of how the Church should organize so as to promote spiritual life, we may mention four methods of organization:

First in logical order, remembering that "that is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural," the Church must organize its forces to promote the physical welfare of mankind. Not only must the Church heal the sick and provide for the wants of those in need, but, being assured that the spiritual man rests upon and is conditioned by the physical man, she must exert organized effort to better the conditions of men's body-lives, for there are conditions of physical life, especially in our large cities, which render spiritual life almost an impossibility.

As closely allied to this thought, we may mention education as a method of church organization. Not to discuss the question in detail, and freely granting the absolute duty of the State to educate its citizens, it may yet be said that a body organized to promote spiritual life cannot entirely hand over to another that intellectual education which is so closely related to the moral and spiritual development of the young. The Sunday-school is the ordinary makeshift for something better. While these two methods come logically first, the most obvious form of church organization for spiritual development is the assembly for worship. The common worship, in confession, prayer, and thanksgiving, helps the spirit of man to realize a communion with God and man; and especially does the sacramental rite of the Holy Communion, which should be as frequent and regular in its celebration as the fact and need which it symbolizes are constant, help to realize that common feeding upon the Spirit of God which is the source of man's spiritual life. While thus in the public worship man's soul is lifted to communion with God, the last method of organization I would mention is that which tends to make man realize his fellowship with men. The common worship, the organization for charitable or philanthropic work, the educational class, all tend to this end, but there is, moreover, the direct social organization. The sociable, the church club, and other forms of social gatherings, are not only permissible, but they have a direct function in cultivating that sense of human fellowship which is essential to spiritual development. The difficulties which surround this form of organization are but evidences of its value.

In conclusion, it might be said that while pulpit and organization co-operate to awaken and promote spiritual life, yet the functions of prophet, priest, and deacon must not be confounded.

[1] Of Trinity Church (P. E.), Portland, Oregon.

Every man has experienced how feelings which end in themselves, and do not express themselves in action, leave the heart debilitated. We get feeble and sickly in character when we feel keenly and cannot do the thing we feel. —*Robertson.*

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Danish Peasant Life

By Daniel Kilham Dodge

While the spread of modern enlightenment is rapidly obliterating the lines between town and country types in this as in all other European countries, there is still in Denmark a peasantry who have retained not only the speech and manners but also, to a great extent, the dress of their forefathers. To be sure, the democratic desire to appear in all respects as others has induced not a few of these countrymen to adopt the unbecoming costume which the village tailor assures them is an exact copy of the latest Copenhagen fashion; but the more conservative ones regard this change as little less than high treason. And from an æsthetic standpoint it is indeed a crime to discard the bright head-dress and gayly colored skirts and bodices for the commonplace blacks and browns and grays of city folk. Specially charming are these national costumes in the capital, whither the old fisherwomen from Sko-vshoved and the flower-girls from Amager come with their wares and fill the old square of High Bridge Place with a life not its own.

But while the Danish peasantry show an increasing tendency to conform in their dress to the prevailing fashions, they cling with an obstinate firmness to almost all the prejudices of the past. Two considerable changes, and only two, have been effected during the past thirty years—an advance in education and a total change of political faith. An indirect result of the first of these is an expansion of the religious life. After the close of the German-Danish war in 1864, the peasantry, who had for many years been forcing themselves upon public attention, acquired a social and political position unknown before in Denmark. People began to realize that this pariah class contained possibilities hitherto undreamed of. Through the efforts of popular leaders, among whom may be mentioned the great theologian Grundtvig, high schools began to be established throughout the country, and to these the peasant youths and maidens flocked with a new-born enthusiasm, a vague longing to share in the higher culture of the towns. The teachers, for the most part peasants also, regarded themselves as prophets to whom it was granted to preach a new dispensation. A second peasant liberation, a spiritual one, seemed at hand, and this time it was to be wrought, not by others, by their masters, but by as well as for themselves. The thought was a beautiful one, and, like all great waves of enthusiasm, it has been not without good results. It has given to the peasants a new feeling of self-respect, a desire to live somewhat above the purely material. Its absurd features are patent enough. One receives a general impression that the pupils spend at least half their time singing hymns and national songs, and hearing about what a great people they are. The whole tendency appears to be "exalted." Some of these high-school pupils, too, are said to be unfitted by their one or two years' varnish of culture for the practical life of the farm. But these, I am inclined to think, are the exception.

The second change, the political, culminated in 1873, when the struggle between the political parties finally led to the parliamentary deadlock which is only just beginning to approach an end. Although opposed both in their material interests and their religious belief to the principles of the Radical party, the Danish peasants have for years allowed themselves to be influenced by its leaders. Conservative by nature and by training in everything else, politically the Danish peasant is, with few exceptions, Radical. Of late years a split has been made in the party of the Left, between the uncompromising democrats and their less advanced brethren, and through this the peasants may be brought to their senses. The close alliance between the former and the Socialists of the capital ought surely to serve as a menace to landholders.

But, putting aside social and political questions, about which there might arise a disagreeable difference of opinion, let us glance for a moment at the daily life of these northern tillers of the soil and see how they appear in the fields, at church, by the fireside. Unlike the Copenhagener, who combines the *esprit* of the Parisian with the solidity of the Scandinavian, the Danish peasant is strictly national, Germanic in person and in character. His brain and his legs move with equal heaviness. He works hard all day, following his plow with the dull trudge of habit, and when his day's work is done he generally sits quietly in the "high seat," with his big porcelain pipe tightly pressed between his lips, speaking in monosyllables to his wife and children. If a neighbor drops in, he may engage with him in a more or less heated dispute over politics or religion, but the appearance of a stranger sends him into his shell like a timid snail. His personal habits are not generally of the most refined. He does not hesitate to spit on the floor, and his manner of clearing his throat, especially during church service, is most trying to city people.

To those unaccustomed to peasant habits the extreme noiselessness of their walk in the house is a continual source of surprise. This is due to the universal use of the clumsy sabots, which are always kicked off at the entrance to the living-room. But out in the cobbled central court the wearers more than make up for their quiet movements within doors, the clatter of the hobnailed wooden soles sounding like the passage of a squad of cavalry.

There is something extremely patriarchal in the arrangement of a typical Danish peasant farm or *Boudegaard*. All the buildings are grouped about a court, the dwelling-house forming one side, the barn, stable, pig-sty, etc., flanking and facing it in a highly picturesque but equally unhygienic proximity. Nearest the pig-sty or the stable is the pump, from which men and cattle alike obtain their drinking-water. Even on the great estates these primitive arrangements are still to a great extent continued. A century ago the whole family always occupied one common sleeping-room, as they still do on the poorer farms. The furniture of the living-room is generally of the simplest, but the wealthier peasants have already begun to ape town fashions in this respect also. What first strikes one is the extreme symmetry of it all. Wherever it is possible, the pieces of furniture are in pairs, placed in exactly corresponding positions. I have even heard of a worthy old peasant who wished to buy two pianos, not because his daughters played quartettes, but simply in order to have them match. The chaos of a modern drawing-room would fill these lovers of order with holy horror. Frequently the sides of the room are lined with wooden benches extending from one end of the fireplace to the other. They bring to mind the benches the sagas tell of in the halls of the ancient vikings, the high seat of the "husband" referred to before exactly corresponding in use and spirit to the chief seat of those sea-rovers of old. The locked beds, too, are still largely in use—great boxes, often painted in green and red, the favorite peasant colors, and quite filled apparently with richly stuffed feather beds, between which the occupants squeeze themselves, summer and winter, with an indifference to ventilation that is extremely characteristic. Among the poorer peasants the bedclothes are washed only once or twice a year, and while this is being done everybody must sleep entirely without covering. Frequently, instead of the under feather bed, straw is used, which is renewed at the same time with the "great wash." Visitors to such peasant homes tell of the mice which share with them the musty straw, and scamper up and down the bed with distracting squeals.

Another tradition that has been retained from the olden time is the commercial character of the peasant marriages. A suitor's eligibility is measured by the extent of his farm and the number and quality of his cattle. The negotiations are generally conducted by the parents, and the children are expected to abide by their decision. I have even heard of a father who set guards around the house on his daughter's wedding-night, to prevent her from escaping. The girls take as much pride in their stores of linen and other household goods as their lovers in their cows and pigs; and a bride who comes empty-handed to her husband's home is made to feel very keenly the disgrace of her poverty. There are, of course, peasant romances outside of Björnson's early tales, but these are not encouraged.

The daily food of the Danish peasant, while coarse, is

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nourishing and plentiful. The commonest articles are porridge of various sorts, salt meat, cheese, and black bread, and beer and aqua vitæ are drunk by the men. At great feasts, such as christenings, confirmations, weddings, and funerals, the quantity of food and drink consumed is enormous. A writer on the Jutish peasantry tells of a wedding-feast at which a hundred persons assisted in the kitchen and at the table. The preparations began over a week beforehand, and the festivities lasted several days. On such an occasion it is considered a great disgrace for the waiting-girls, daughters, and friends of the family to allow a plate to remain unfilled, and the guests are as eager to bring about such a catastrophe as the girls are to prevent it. At the first rap of the spoon or fork on the plate, half a dozen rustic Hebes rush to repair the fault. At funeral feasts there is a soberer enjoyment of the good things provided, but the appetite is none the less keen. As a whole, the Danish peasants probably live better than the corresponding class in any other country in Europe.

One special point should be noted in a study of the Danish peasantry, and that is the wide difference in character and temperament between the people of Zeeland and those of Jutland. Under the influence of their depressing scenery, the bleak moors and somber hills of the peninsula, the Jutlanders are far more serious than their island neighbors. In their religion, which is a great part of them, they incline to the severest form of pietism. They are extremely obstinate, too, and even more set in their ways than peasants usually are. A story, undoubtedly true, is told of a traveler who, on passing a Jutish peasant farm, noticed that some burning coals had been emptied just outside of the house, and that in a few moments the wind would carry the sparks up to the thatched roof and set it on fire. Hurrying into the court, he cried out to the owner: "Your roof is on fire!" The latter merely replied: "What is this person's name?"—the common form of greeting in Jutland. When this question had been answered to his satisfaction, he went out and scattered the threatening coals. Such attachment to established forms reminds one not a little of the foolish old Spanish King. To this same obstinacy, applied in a noble direction, we may perhaps in large part attribute the total non-success of the Germans in attempting to denationalize the southern Jutlanders or Slesvigers.

As if in contradiction to their serious appearance and solid character, the Jutlanders are possessed of a dry humor, and love dearly a good story. Like most raconteurs, the Jutlander is often accused of drawing a long bow, and in Zeeland, when any one is suspected of telling an untruth, he is asked when he came from Jutland. But these little exaggerations of the Jutlander are very innocent, and employed only to produce an artistic effect; of real falsehood one hears very little. The Jutlander is consistent throughout, and if you take him in the right way and respect his pet prejudices, you will find him a right good fellow.

Copenhagen.

The Greater Glory [1]

By Maarten Maartens

Author of "God's Fool," "Joost Avelingh," "An Old Maid's Love," etc.
(Begun in The Outlook for July 1.)

CHAPTER XXIII.—*Continued*

In the meantime no one took the trouble to inquire what where the sentiments of the poor girl herself. The creature was now Countess van Rexelaer. What more could she want?

But, if the truth must be told, the creature had actually had the impudence to want more. She had wanted love—stormy, passionate adoration of the "kill-your-neighbor-and-kiss-your-neighbor's-wife" kind. Something grand, terrific, imposing—love with a capital L. Not affection; poor thing! she knew nothing of affection. That is a plant which must be trained in the home-garden, while love springs up in the wastes. Father she had never known; her mother she had lost at the age of five, which was a misfortune, the mother, with all her vagaries, having been born and bred a gentlewoman. Margherita had grown up at haphazard, in a lazy, sunlit mansion among a crowd of obsequious, villainous slaves and mongrels who pandered to her early faults lest their own vices should be checked. She had been taught nothing, except French and Portuguese—and dancing and riding and fencing, and playing out of tune on the guitar. Even these accomplishments she had chiefly taught herself. She could fence splendidly, and that was about all.

It is to be appreciated in her, then, that she read such books as she could lay hold of—trashy novels. And one day, utterly bored by the emptiness of her existence, she had demanded a "professor of French literature." Old Cachenard, who held that woman's only mission was to be fair, fond, foolish, and, possibly, foul—there are many such men: God forgive them!—had vainly tried to dissuade his niece. Margherita liked her uncle (in all justice to her it must be confessed that she had no inkling till after his death how he had gotten his money), but she hated him with a fierce hate when he contradicted her, which he very rarely did. A Frenchman was procured who read Musset with her—"Rolla"—and Victor Hugo—"Le Roi s'amuse," and she felt that she loved literature, and took to devouring more novels, with a preference for the days of chivalry, and she wanted a knight to lift up her glove and kiss it (she had very small hands), and make noble speeches to her, beautiful, sentimental speeches—not crack disgusting jokes, like uncle Cachenard.

So, when she was sixteen years old, she fell head over ears in love with Count van Rexelaer. He was a noble of exalted rank, a descendant of a long line of Knights and Crusaders, a son of Kings. His very name declared it. Rex Hilarius—she called it Rex Ilario—he had told her about it (he was rather fond of telling); this King Hilarius, his great-grandfather, had ruled over a mighty people long before South America existed! He was greater than the Emperor. The Count was stately and splendid (*i. e.*, tight-buttoned and thin); and his bearing was noble and knightly (*i. e.*, he bowed very low when he met her). She loved him, immensely, like an ocean. She would have liked him to die for her—but not the other way, please. And she threw herself at his feet, and he picked her up, very politely, and they were married. And not only had he no desire to die for her, but he was not even anxious to live for her, nor with her, more than necessary, after a time.

When the Countess realized that one cannot always have what one wants—at least, not in our northern hemisphere—she first had a bad time of it, violently bad, but brief, and then she felt fairly comfortable. She made up her mind to want a lot more things, and to get them; so, resigning the unattainable, she cultivated her caprices. She fortunately took a liking to her little boy, who was handsome. Physically there were seventeen years between them; psychically less. And she interested herself, from a lazy distance, in her husband's climb to that starry canopy which shone forth as his blue and vaulted heaven. Her position, unfortunately, debarred her from the poetic greatness she had been born to. Ah, what an artist was lost! But she cheered her solitude with song, while waiting for her husband to make a grande dame of her. It was very cold and bleak in Holland. But she had made up her mind to be a grande dame. Mevrouw van Rexelaer-Borck kissed her.

And her husband worked for two. He was a quiet *faber suæ fortunæ*, whose weak point was want of nerve at a crisis, and whose strong point was want of feeling. He plodded up slowly, but with an indomitable resolve never to slide back. It was hard work for him at first. He was not a favorite—his father's disgrace still clung about the family; he had none of those stilts and stays which are such a help in climbing. His sister-in-law, Mevrouw Rexelaer-Borck, however, was a host in herself. She had

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brought excellent connections into the family—almost a costlier treasure than gold. And she had managed, by one of her wonderful strokes of luck, to acquire for her husband an extra territorial title attached to a few acres of heath, dirt-cheap. Frederik van Rexelaer was Rexelaer van Altena. Hilarius—the head of the family, and, as such, the Count—was all the more anxious to be Rexelaer of something.

Gradually he prospered. His great policy was never to feel kicked. And by dint of this he sidled past better people and even pushed in front of more powerful ones. The High and Mighty began to remember that his father had been one of them; for years they had only remembered to forget. He was admitted into the Royal Household before he was fifty. There was not a part of his body which was not blue from ill-treatment, there was not a corner of his soul which was not black with lying and licking—uncharitableness, unmanliness, and uncleanness—but he was a Great Man at last. Of course he was an exception; it is said these are apt to prove the rule.

During three bright weeks he had borne his new-culled honors, as a maiden bears her betrothal-wreath. Bright, truly, but with flashes of lightning, amid the distant roll of thunder. And often it wants a little climbing to realize the unclimbed heights above.

He paced his study floor with gloomy eyebrows. It was almost a relief when a servant knocked, and brought the news that a man was waiting to see him.

"What sort of a man?"

"A common man," replied the well-drilled domestic, with thankful consciousness that he was not one of these.

Count Rexelaer walked out into the hall.

"Who are you?" he asked, sharply.

The individual thus addressed seemed to cower away into the very ground. "I am a poor man," he said. "A humble man, Heer Count. Have pity on a father of four little children. I have been turned away from the service of the palace. I was clerk there; for twenty years I have kept the kitchen accounts. I earned nine florins a week. It isn't much, but it was always something. And I have always been honest, Highborn Heer Count. I have—"

"I remember," interrupted Count Rexelaer, impatiently. "You were discharged a fortnight ago. I forget why."

"There was a story, Highborn Heer, about a kitchen-maid. There was not a word of truth in it, I swear before God in heaven!"—he lifted a lean hand on high—he was a worn-looking creature, with a big nose, the only big thing about him, and bright fever-fed eyes.

"And what was the girl's name?" queried Count Rexelaer, staring at the ceiling.

"Dora Droste, Highly Nobly Born Heer Count."

"Of course," said the Count, still staring aloft. "I remember all about it perfectly." He brought his eyes down to the level of the man's face. "How dare you come here?" he said, furiously. "You were turned away, and you richly deserved it. We shall soon teach you, and such as you, what to expect."

"But I swear I am innocent," replied the man, in earnest tones. "A father of four children, Heer Count."

"Just so. A father of four children."

"I was teaching her to read, in my free time, most noble Heer Count. She had begged me to teach her to read."

Count Rexelaer smiled. "I remember all about the case," he said. "You may feel thankful you were not prosecuted. Get out of the house this moment. Jan, show this person out."

"Is that final?" asked the fellow.

"Absolutely final." Count Rexelaer retreated to his study door.

But the man intercepted him. "Count Rexelaer," he said, almost in a whisper, "you're playing a bold game. It won't do."

The Count drew back. "You are mad," he said. "Jan!"

"Unhand me," cried the fellow, bursting out violently. "No one dare to touch me! You—you! it is villains like you who make socialists, revolutionists, murderers! Oh, you blackguard! But I swear that, as sure as my name is Wouter Wonnema—"

Count Rexelaer closed his study door.

"Here, get out of this!" said the man-servant. "What do you mean by pitching into master like that? If he were to give me notice to-morrow, I should simply grin and go."

The other looked as if he were about to launch into a long explanation; then he thought better of it, and rapidly stumbled downstairs, cursing and threatening.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A WINDOW OPENS

Reinout, turning the far corner of the quiet street on his homeward way from a lonely walk, was astonished to perceive an individual stationed opposite the house and gesticulating at its smooth front of many panes. The man stood out solitary against one of the long line of trees, melancholy canal-trees, in little rounds among the stones, fresh from a German toy-box. His appearance was needy, but not untidy; his figure much shrunk, yet nowise abject in its indigence.

Reinout, as has been said already, know nothing of the actual world. He understood that the poor were part of the divinely ordered plan, created to give the rich an opportunity of exercising the virtues, especially of charity towards their brethren and of gratitude towards God. And had he been told that the poor lacked bread—which he was not—he might easily have added his name to the list of those favored ones who are credited with having answered: "Then why don't they buy cakes?"

There could be no mistaking the strange man's meaning. He shook his fist menacingly with fierce glances and mutterings, and then, after a final thrust of his lean arm, he turned and crept in the direction from which Reinout was coming.

As soon as they were close together—"Why did you do that?" asked Reinout, reproducing the other's threat.

The man started and stared. "Because a villain lives there," he answered, sullenly, "if it's any satisfaction to you to know," and he sought to continue his way.

But Reinout interposed, with flushed cheek and trembling lip. He had all his mother's impetuousness, and much of his father's caution. He had the former's strength of passion, and none of the latter's nervousness. In his indignation he was going to burst out: "But that's my father!" when curiosity checked the words.

"Why a villain?" he questioned, a trifle imperiously. Wonnema stopped again. No one could look closely at Reinout and not recognize the Jonker's social status. "All rich men are villains," replied Wonnema, evasively. Prudence fortunately kept him from particularizing the Count's offenses to the first boy that questioned him.

"But why are rich men villains?" persisted Reinout, greatly relieved, meanwhile, to find the charge so much extended.

"Why? Because they're born to't. Because they suck it in with their mother's milk. Because God has given them the right, they think. Because a rich man's happiness is built up of a thousand poor men's sufferings. That's why."

Only the last "because" conveyed a definite meaning to the questioner. It struck straight with all its newness. Surely things were the other way round.

"That's why," continued the strange man, warming to his subject. "Because the rich can do no wrong, and if they *have* done wrong the poor must suffer for it. Here am I starving, because my innocence must cloak a rich man's guilt. Go your ways, boy! you'll be a villain some day, if you aren't one already. You're born to it." He passed into the road and walked a few paces farther. Then he turned for a final easement of his overburdened heart. "And yon's the biggest villain of all," he said, once more lifting a thin finger of scorn in the direction of the orange-plaster wall.

"Hold your tongue!" cried Reinout, boldly. "My father

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lives in that house." But Wonnema had already resumed his trudge. The boy stood hesitating. Of the other's last speech he had again understood one sentence only, which reached his heart. "Here am I starving." The man was of course a beggar. What other connection could there be between rich and poor? He had been turned off at the door, and was angry. People *were* turned off, as Reinout knew, for the Count disapproved of almsgiving. The boy had a whole florin in his pocket—half the month's pocket-money. "Starving?" He ran after the retreating figure. "Here, poor man!" he said. And to his utter amazement the beggar struck the coin to the ground. "My children are famished," said Wonnema, thickly, trembling with emotion. "I would rather see them dead than take home one penny of yours!" The florin lay glittering in the mud.

Reinout retreated in dismay. He did not look round again, from a delicate instinct that the other was still staring hungrily at the silver piece. But Wonnema let it lie.

The boy crept into the house, all his heart and head in confusion. For the first time in his life he had come into contact with the Spirit of Protest against things that are. He knew, of course, of the existence of wickedness and sorrow—vaguely—these were unavoidable and to be endured. He knew that wickedness incorporate—mad ambition—had slain blessed saints and martyrs such as Louis the Sixteenth. For there had always been thieves and murderers, big and small. But an honest, if mistaken, cry against Evil in High Places, an arraignment of divinely instituted Order before the bar of God himself, of this he could make nothing. Irresistibly he felt that the poor wretch had been sincere. "A rich man's happiness is built up of a thousand poor men's sorrows." "Some day you will be a villain; you are born to it." He sat down on a bench in the hall to think it out. And, his eye falling on some letters in the letter-box, he carried these in to his father, as was his custom, and then went back to his seat. It was no use asking papa about the poor. Papa felt no interest in the subject. And he differed from M. de Souza. "You should never give to beggars," he had often said. "It encourages them to ask for more."

Reinout lay back on the open bench and closed his eyes. That refusal of money. What did it signify? There was no room for it in the whole little system of his calm existence. And the more he thought of it the more bewildered he grew.

While he still lingered there, he heard his father calling his name in the library in a strange "strangled" voice. As he started up the door flew open, and the Count came rushing out, his face distorted with excitement. "Reinout," he stammered, "Reinout!" and, catching the boy to his breast, he covered him with kisses, laughing and sobbing by turns. Reinout kept quite still; a horrible fear traversed his brain that his father had become insane; he set his teeth tight.

"My boy, my boy," said the Count at last more calmly, holding his son at arms' length and looking into his eyes. "Imagine, what wonder! What triumph! God has given us Deynum. In the most wonderful of all manners, it is ours!"

"Ours!" repeated the lad, bewildered.

"Ours, yes, ours. Mine, yours. Ever afterwards. Yours. Yours some day when your poor father has been laid to rest. Yours, Reinout, Count Rexelaer van Deynum!" He once more drew his heir towards him and kissed him, solemnly this time, between the eyes. "And now I must go tell your mother," he said, and turned to the staircase. "Gracious Heaven," he thought to himself, as he mounted it with dancing step, "how queerly things work round!" Yet he was not one of those who feel that Heaven is gracious, even when things work round—queerly.

Reinout, left to himself, repeated: "God has given us Deynum." More money, then. More grandeur. Did that mean more "villainy"? Nonsense! The man was crazy. God has given us Deynum. What is "God" to Reinout? An image set up at very rare intervals, special "points de vue," along the road of life. It is a double-visaged image, like Janus. One face has angry eyebrows—Fate; the other smiling glances—Luck.

CHAPTER XXV.

MISS PIGGIE

Alternately slapping and stroking her lapdogs, Florizel and Amanda (abbreviations by Reinout, regardless of inverted gender, Flora and Ami), Madame van Rexelaer lay humming her second stanza, which, translated into English, would have run somewhat as follows:

Then let me sleep the sleep of death,
And bear me where my fathers are.
My dying sob was the final breath
Of the noble house of Cachenard.

She was purring over this poetical effusion when the Count suddenly burst in upon her.

"Prepare yourself," he said, "for the most extraordinary, the most incredible good news!"

"O Rex!" she exclaimed, flushing with pleasure, "you don't mean to say I'm invited to stay at the Palace of Loo?"

"Rex" was the name she had given him in the earliest dawn of her enthusiasm. O Richard! O Hilaire! O mon Roy! She hardly ever made use of it now, but the moment was one of ecstatic abandonment: visions floated before her of delicious new dresses, three a day, and the intimate intercourse of an august home-circle for half a week, so different from the tumult of an omnium gatherum where you made your bow in the crowd and sank back like a wave on the sea. She screamed aloud with expectation.

"No, no, that another time!" said the Count. "How can you talk such nonsense, when you know the Court is here? Just listen to me, and put down those dogs for a minute."

"I thought it was an invitation," pouted the lady. "I don't care if it isn't an invitation. I don't want anything else."

"It appears," the Count continued, without taking any notice of the last remarks, "that your mother had connections of whom you never knew anything—very respectable relations, to say the least."

"My mother's name was Dupuys," replied the daughter of the noble house of Cachenard, removing her face from behind Florizel, whither she had retreated in her sulkiness. "It doesn't sound a very aristocratic name. My uncle once told me that she had come from the north of France. He never said anything about her relations."

Count Hilarius had always carefully avoided glancing down into the depths from whence his wife had ascended to his side. Not to know is the safest way of lying. It was enough to live in constant recollection of the uncle's career, without discovering what the parents had done. He had grumbled at the dishonor, and he had also grumbled, the price being so heavy, that his wife had not brought him more at the price. Fortunately, Rio was far; and the parents were still farther.

"I cannot make it out very clearly as yet," he now said, "but, as far as I can see, your mother was a very different person from what she pretended to be. The Belgian lawyer who writes presumes that I am acquainted with her antecedents, and is therefore far from explicit. But it seems that she was neither more nor less than a Demoiselle de la Jolais-Farjolle, of the Belgian house of La Jolais de Saint-Leu. She seems to have run away with a—a—her husband." He stopped, and eyed his wife curiously.

"And what is that—La Jolais?" asked the Countess.

"It is one of the greatest families in Europe," replied the Count, dryly. "The head of the house is the Marquis de la Jolais-Farjolle."

Mademoiselle de Cachenard clapped her hands. "How delightful!" she cried, with a bright little laugh. "How pretty! A Marquis! It is more than a Count. What a good thing I did not know, when I married you, that my mother had been a Marchioness, Hilarius! I might not have been satisfied with a Count, after that."

"Your mother was not a Marchioness," answered Rexelaer, irritably, "no more than your uncle Cachenard. Whatever she was, she seems to have had the good taste, after her—adventure, to sink all her past down a well, henceforth to be known as Dupuys. But, now, as to results."

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"No, no, you are jealous! How charming it sounds! De Cachenard, née De la Jolais-Guignol. Much nicer than Rexelaer. I wish I had known!" And she hugged Florizel to her face till he squeaked.

"De Farce rare, née de la jolie guinguette," cried the son of all the Rexelaers, exasperated by these taunts. "Your mother was a gentlewoman—more shame to her!—and she ran away with a groom out of her brother's stables, and his name was Cochonnard!"

"What!" shrieked the Creole, dropping Florizel with a thud on the floor. "It isn't true! Oh, you horrid vulgar man, to come and tell such stories!" And she burst into a tempest of screeches and (audible) wishes she was dead.

"Allons, allons, how can you behave so childishly!" interposed the Count, somewhat disturbed by this exceptional ebullition of feeling. "You have known all along how your uncle got his 'de,' and that you were not even legally entitled to use it."

"I was my uncle's heiress," wailed Margherita, "and I don't care. I won't be called Cochonnette."

"You are called at present," said her husband, soothingly, "the Countess van Rexelaer."

"I don't care," she interrupted him with a fresh burst of tears. "I wo-wo-won't be called Miss Piggie—Miss Piggie, indeed! I wo-wo-won't."

"But, for goodness sake, listen to reason. There is the bright side yet to come, and it is almost incredibly fortunate. The Marquis de la Jolais, your mother's half-brother, is dead. He died, intestate, about a fortnight ago, and if, as they imagine, you are his only near relation, all his private property will come to you."

"I don't care," said Margherita, opening her eyes, nevertheless.

"Nonsense! They have been telegraphing to Rio, and the answer has come that they must apply to me. As indeed they must. There is quite a distant cousin, they tell me, who succeeds to the Belgian estate by a contract independent of wills, but you, being the niece, are the heiress who comes into the rest."

"All the other money was mine too," said Margherita.

She stung him. "Yes," he said, "it was, Mademoiselle Cochonnard."

Then Margherita screamed once more, and fainted dead away.

Years ago, when this used to happen, the Count would pull down the bell-rope. Now he walked out of the room.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SPLENDIDE MENDAX

A day or two later, further advices having been received meanwhile, the great news had obtained sufficient consistency to allow of its being communicated to the Rexelaers-Borck.

The facts as to Margherita's mother were briefly these: The Marquis de la Jolais—the Marquis J'ose—himself his mother's only child, had had a stepsister many years younger than he, the late darling of the whole family. He had been as a father to her during many years, and just as he had arranged that she should be most desirably married to (not with) an old friend of his own, she had eloped with a stable-boy. The head of the house had immediately erased her name from its annals, and, having been apprised later on that she was living at Lyons with her spendthrift husband in absolute destitution, he paid her over the sum of ten thousand francs, on consideration of her sacredly binding herself to sink all her antecedents and to assume henceforth the name of Dupuys. The bargain was faithfully kept. The man Cochonnard died early from drink; his broken-hearted wife did not long survive him, and their little daughter Margaret was left with her rich bachelor-uncle. The Marquis remained unaware of all particulars. He had forbidden his lawyers to communicate with him on the subject, and he had caused it to be generally understood that his half-sister had died without a child. Nevertheless, one of those rumors that always come knocking at barricaded ears had vaguely informed him of some facts concerning the Cochonnards and their money-making. He had loved his sister as much as he was capable of loving anything; a hundred times he wished she had died in her bloom.

Once his eye had fallen on an announcement in the Paris "Figaro" of the marriage of a Count Rexelaer, of whom he knew nothing but the name, with a Mademoiselle Rita de Cachenard, of whom he knew nothing at all. He had glided on to the next paragraph. But a few weeks later he received a short letter from the old uncle. In the joy of his heart Cochonnard had thought the moment was come to reconcile his little Margot with her mother's noble relation. That gentleman tore up the letter, furious at having his uncertainty thus rudely broken into. As for the improvement in the young lady's original patronymic, it filled him with unfathomable contempt.

Nevertheless, he now knew what he knew. His sister had a daughter living, and that daughter was a Countess Rexelaer. Of the Rexelaers of Deynum. He was not as well up in Dutch families as the Baron was in Belgian. But even the Baron had known nothing of Mademoiselle de la Jolais except that she had run away, long ago, with some footman, and had died shortly afterwards, in Paris, he believed. The Marquis was not sorry to think the child should have done well. But he washed his hands—literally, laboriously—after having torn up the old man's letter.

One summer he had gone to spend a week with some friends at their seat near Blankenberghe, and fickle, foolish Fortune had cast the child Reinout straight across his path. He had fled from the association that night with both hands to his ears. But the memory clung to his dried-up old heart. He liked the look of the boy. He liked his manner. He had liked, above all, that bold dash into danger. The Marquis J'ose knew good blood when he saw it.

And on that terrible night of his flight from Amsterdam, the word "Deynum," as it crashed through the carriage window, had struck comfort to his soul, in the midst of its agony. "This is nothing," the guard had cried; "this is Deynum." Truly, it was nothing to him; he had willed that it should be nothing; but it was the only name which, at that hour of supremest loneliness, had conveyed to the wretched sufferer a remote idea of relationship. He knew nothing more of the Rexelaers than that they had their home at Deynum. He could travel no farther. The place fascinated him. He would keep up, all the more strictly, the incognito he had already assumed. He would look out for himself. Perhaps—who knows?—he would find ultimate pleasure in this daughter of his race. He would see the boy again. He was dying. Death strangely alters our perspectives.

He remained, therefore, a day or two at the village inn, whence he would in no case have been anxious to depart, and tried to feel his way. He soon perceived that there were complications which his ignorance was unable to unravel. He was too proud to write off now for information to his lawyers at Brussels. These were the wrong Rexelaers. Of course they were related. There were jealousies, evidently, and bickerings. The Marquis was too much occupied with himself to take any great interest in these. Then came the incident of the house. He wanted the lonely castle with all a rich man's sudden, irresistible want. And if, later on, it should, in the course of life's accidents, become young Reinout's property, well, that was no inducement, but it was certainly no objection, to buying it. As for the clause about never "letting or selling to Count Hilarius van Rexelaer," he could easily subscribe to that. Count Hilarius would either inherit the property through his wife or never possess it at all. But the sick man had not as yet settled these things in his mind; perhaps, later on, he would make a will. He was bitterly irritated at the failure to discover his niece in the hour of need. Yet he wanted to die unknown. He wanted to be nursed. He wanted both extremes. He wanted neither. And in the midst of his uncertainty the catastrophe spread sudden silence over all.

[To be continued]

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The Spectator

For several years past, whenever the Spectator has visited the Astor Library, he has noticed in one alcove or another a quiet and studious-looking gentleman so much absorbed in his reading that nothing diverted his attention from his book. On the Spectator's most recent visit to the library he needed to consult a book within the alcove where the student referred to was sitting. A close observation of the student disclosed something that seemed very familiar. The student looked up. Surely no one else in the world save a dear friend of the Spectator's boyhood had those particular eyes that looked over the student's spectacles! There was instant recognition on both sides, though there had been no meeting for more than twenty years. The Spectator and his newly found old friend left the library to have a chat and compare notes. The Spectator learned that the student, on the income of a small patrimony, lived a solitary life in New York, finding his only pleasure and only occupation in reading, though the reading was without any particular object. This objectless life was in such contrast to the bustling enterprise of the student's boyhood that the Spectator recalled an incident of the early ambitions of this solitary man. Once, when several lads were discussing their plans for the future, the student said that he had concluded to have three callings at once, so as to be fully occupied. He would keep a store, be a shoemaker, and also a clergyman. "Then," said he, "when there is no one to wait on in the store I can work at the cobbler's bench, and on Sunday, when I can neither keep store nor make shoes, I can preach in the church." His ambition was to be fully occupied in three useful ways; but such is the irony of fate that all of this energy has departed before middle age, and all that is left is the student who studies without any object and lays by stores of learning that benefit no one in the world, not even himself. The Spectator could not ask his old friend how so much activity came to naught, and the student volunteered no explanation. But in the bent shoulders, the grizzled hair, the sad expression, there was surely a story—a story of energies early spent and of blasted hopes that, once laid low, sprang never again.

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For several weeks past, the Spectator has scarcely picked up a newspaper that in it he has not read of either death or sickness from toadstool-poisoning. There is a very general impression that there is one fungus that is edible, and that this species is the mushroom, while all other fungi are toadstools and are poisonous. No doubt the sad mistakes that are made are due in a very great measure to this inaccurate generalization as to mushrooms and toadstools. As a matter of fact, all mushrooms are toadstools, and there are ten edible toadstools to one that is poisonous. The ordinary field mushroom is the fungus that people feel pretty sure of being able to distinguish from any other variety. Now, the field mushroom is in some regards very much like the most deadly of all toadstools—the *amanita bulbosus*. Those who have gathered field mushrooms, and have been either made ill or killed by eating them, no doubt have got one or two specimens of the *amanita* with their find. The gills of the field mushroom are pink in youth, and change in age to purple and then to black; the gills of the *amanita* are white: the stem of the field mushroom grows from the ground, without any bulb beneath; the *amanita* always has a bulb below or at the surface of the ground, and grows from a sheath. No careful and observant person to whom these two varieties have been shown and explained by a mycologist of experience and knowledge should ever make a mistake. But mushrooms gathered by ignorant persons should be examined with great care, for one specimen of the *amanita* contains poison sufficient to kill six or eight members of a family. The traditional test of cooking mushrooms with a silver spoon to detect the presence of poison is no test at all. If poisonous toadstools have been eaten, the only sure antidote is atropine, subcutaneously injected. As an instance of the sad ignorance in America on the subject of toadstools, the Spectator, some time ago, made note of the fact that in a publication of the United States Department of Agriculture, "Report of Microscopist for 1890, by Thomas Taylor: Mushrooms of the United States," there are two plates, each containing twelve specimens. Of the twelve toadstools that are thus officially declared to be poisonous, nine are not poisonous at all, and six are very good indeed to eat. And on the plate of edible mushrooms several are by no means fit for food.

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The Spectator's window overlooks the Atlantic. A brisk wind has whipped the sea into great waves that break on the beach with a sound so continuous that all other noises are lost. Beyond and half-way to the line of the horizon are the American yachts in a trial race to decide which of them shall defend the cup which the America won in British waters in 1851. The Spectator's Americanism makes him hope that the yacht selected will be both fast and stanch enough to retain the cup on this side, but the Spectator's love for fair play and honorable uprightness in sport, as in other things, would more than half reconcile him if Lord Dunraven's boat should capture the much-coveted prize this season. From the time the America won the cup till now, our boats have probably been faster than the British, but it is also quite true that our yachtsmen have never given the British an even fighting chance to win, as never till now have the conditions of the race been generous and sportsmanlike, so that the test would beyond doubt determine which was the better boat in the contest. In 1870, when Mr. James Ashbury came over with the Cambria to try to regain the cup, the New York Yacht Club compelled him to sail, not against a representative boat, but against the whole Club fleet of twenty-odd vessels, and this, too, over the crooked tidal course of the New York Bay. The next time, when Mr. Ashbury came with the Livonia, the New York Yacht Club agreed to a series of races, but selected four boats to sail against the Englishman. This was unfair and unsportsmanlike, and the races have so continued until now, though the unfairness has not been so marked. This year the contest is to be fair and sportsmanlike, and if the Englishman wins, we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that we have lost to a gentleman who has a great scorn for meanness and littleness in whomsoever shown. In the recent races off Cowes the German Emperor was one of the contestants. His Imperial Majesty claimed to have won a race on a technicality —though his boat was actually beaten—and on this technicality the race was awarded to him. Lord Dunraven, the owner of the Valkyrie, declined to race any more with Emperor William, explaining that he would not contest in any sport with any person who was not a gentleman. That was bravely said, and emphasizes the fact that in sport all men are equal, and the king must be as good a gentleman as the commoner.

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There is much that is distinctive in New Orleans. The French, the Spaniards, the English, and half a dozen other nationalities have each contributed something towards the characteristics that make this Southern city different from any other in America. In the ordinary American city national characteristics become blended one with the other so that they are not easily recognized. But, somehow or other, they have taken them pure in New Orleans, and those that have been changed have suffered that change on the old lines and without mixture. The Spectator's earliest experience with a New Orleans characteristic was when a cigar-seller put in an extra weed for "lagniappe." The Spectator did not like to receive a present from a stranger, but the act seemed so much a matter of course that he could not refuse. A friend soon explained that the giving of "lagniappe" was one of the oldest and best-recognized customs in New Orleans. The word—pronounced *lan-yap*—and the custom are of Spanish origin. The purpose is to give something beyond a purchase for good measure and for good will. Mrs. Grace McEnery Stuart, the novelist, who used to live in New Orleans, told the Spectator that children not infrequently went a mile out of the way to make a purchase, because a certain dealer was more generous than his rivals in "lagniappes." She says that thrifty poor people buy only a picayune's worth at a time, so as oftener to get "lagniappe." The word "picayune," by the way, is used only in the neighborhood of New Orleans. It is of Spanish origin, and formerly meant six and a quarter cents. Now it means five cents. In some parts of the country a five-cent piece is called a nickel; in New Orleans it is universally called a picayune.

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The Home

About Boys

By Elizabeth Jarrett

"Dear me! dear me! If you mothers and fathers only could remember the days when you were children, and the things that it delighted you to do!" It was I, an old maid, who made this sage remark, provoked thereto by the sorrows of my only nephew.

I was visiting my sister in New York. I hadn't been in her house one day before I made a discovery that made me wish with all my heart that I were a boy, and yet pity my poor nephew because he was one. Between my sister's house and the next dwelling was a large building-lot, with a frontage of perhaps forty or fifty feet, and a depth of over eighty. Preparations for building had begun, but for some reason had ceased. A heavy rain had covered the surface for perhaps two feet; on the top lay a number of loose boards floating around, also a barrel. A wide plank walk had been laid, on a very inclined plane, of course, from the center of the lot up to the sidewalk. What a glorious chance for the boys! Not a workman around, nor a policeman to be seen!

It didn't take long for the boys to avail themselves of this opportunity for sport. I sat for over an hour at my window watching the urchins who had taken possession of this boundless ocean. In less than no time rafts were improvised and wonderful voyages were being planned from land to land, across the briny deep. With every fresh shout I was glad that such a bit of fun could come to city boys, and should have been quite as disappointed as they had the ubiquitous "cop" put in an unnecessary appearance.

Presently from my sister's room I overheard the following:

"Mother, mother! can't I put on my old clothes and play down in the lot with the boys? It's two foot deep with water, and the men have left off working, and the fellers are having no end of fun."

"Why, Fred," came the surprised answer, "how can you think of such a thing! In less than two minutes you wouldn't be fit to be seen."

Poor Fred! though the door was shut, I could see perfectly the sudden fall of countenance as the cold sponge was thus carelessly wiped over his hopes. Such a changed voice! yet a little hopeful still.

"But, mother, if I wear my old suit [Fred detested that old suit]? It's such a lark! The boys have made rafts, and they're playing Robinson Crusoe and Swiss Family, and—oh, mother, please! I want to so much."

"Fred," in that tense, quiet tone which is enough to set any child's nerves on edge—"Fred, did you hear me say no?" My sister had theories about coaxing and changing one's mind and so on.

Fred went out and slammed the door. Now, I know perfectly well that he shouldn't have slammed the door; yet I know just as well that if I had been Fred I should most probably have done the same thing. As it was, I did the next best thing: I slammed my sister's theories. Bursting into her room quite as forcibly as Fred had left it, I began: "Now, in the name of all that's reasonable, common sense, educational theories, object-teaching, and kindergarten system, will you tell me, Mary, why you didn't let that boy have his bit of fun? Here I've been watching those little chaps for an hour or more, and I declare I have not seen so much real fun since you and Teddy and I discovered a new route to India by way of the brook behind the old barn. What was your reason in refusing?" But I didn't wait for an answer, and rattled on:

"Here, in about an hour, Fred and you will be wasting pounds of brain force over 'An island is a portion of land entirely surrounded by water; a peninsula is a body of land almost surrounded by water; a strait is a narrow neck of land'—or, if it isn't, it might just as well be—while right down here before your very noses is a whole illustrated geography—oceans, seas, gulfs, and bays—made to order. But even if there was nothing to be gained from it in that way, why did you refuse poor Fred?"

"Why, I don't know, I'm sure, Sally; you take me so by surprise. I didn't think it was a fit place for him to play in, I suppose; he might catch cold."

"Fudge! boys like Fred don't run around catching colds. Now, did you think at all? I don't believe you did. You'll excuse my plain talking, Mary, but the more I watch mothers with their children, the more convinced am I that, somehow or other, there is more of a tendency to say 'no' to a child's request than 'yes'—just because you don't think. Now, I know I'm an old maid, but it does seem to me that, had Fred come to me, I should have said, 'Where is this famous new playground, Fred? Have I seen the place?' Then I should have spent one minute (you only had to look out of your side window) in investigating, and I'm sure after that I should have said, 'Well, you *have* found a famous place. Put on your old clothes, sail to as many lands as you can, and tell me of your journeys to-night.' Instead of that, here's poor Fred, with a dear, kind-hearted mother, whom he worships, worse off than any chap down there, for they either haven't any mothers, or else didn't stop, as Fred did, to ask, 'Mother, may I?' Now, Mary [in my most coaxing tone, for she was on the verge of tears], just call that boy up; tell him Aunt Sally's been watching and thinks there's no danger, and that you have changed your mind. Tell him you're sorry he slammed the door, but you don't believe he'll do it again."

Well, Fred was recalled. He came in much better tempered than I should have been under the circumstances, I am sure. His mother repeated my little speech beautifully. How the air cleared up, as by magic! Away went Fred, in his much-despised suit, happy as a cricket, while his mother sat by the window with me, happy in her boy's happiness, and herself taking an object-lesson in object-teaching.

For when Fred missed his definition of an island that night, his mother and I could afford to laugh at him. "Well, Fred Denton!" said I, "I have my opinion of a boy who has circumnavigated the globe, and don't know what an island is!" Fred looked abashed. He had never thought of a real island before, in saying his definition; but now! Well, that lot was the making of Fred in the way of geography, and my sister has blessed me for the suggestion ever since.

Well, Fred is only one boy, and this is only one of those innumerable instances where inconsiderate denial of a child's natural requests, whether the cause be carelessness, or lack of sympathy, or thoughtlessness, or a "don't-want-to-be-bothered feeling," so common to those in charge of children, must eventually end in alienating the child's love and his trust in his parents' wisdom. His sense of justice necessarily suffers, and he instinctively looks with suspicion, and sometimes even with disdain, on the excuses offered as reasons why he may not do this or that, go here or there.

So, when the great sand-heap has been left piled up so temptingly before the door, Bertrand may not play in it, because "he'll get his hands dirty." ("What's water good for?" says Bertrand, inwardly.) When the boys play hare and hounds, gaining more in observation and judgment from one afternoon's work than from six weeks in school, Cyril may not go, because "he'll get overheated." ("Got plenty of time to cool off," grumbles Cyril.) When the snow and ice come, and the boys have a famous toboggan slide down the great hill, Walter may not share the fun, for fear "he'll get hurt." ("Bones don't break so easily," growls Walter.)

Poor boys! No wonder they look upon being a man as the best thing that could happen to them, not because manhood in itself is desirable, but because they are thus unwittingly taught to look upon it as the period when control is thrown off and they may "do as they please." Will their children receive from them more, or less, of the sympathy they missed?

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Some Books for the Days of Leisure

By Christine Terhune Herrick

Courses of reading are usually a delusion and a snare.

The reader who binds himself down to one is like the man who prepares an itinerary of a pedestrian tour with the inexorable resolve that he will follow only the highroad. No mossy paths, no leafy vistas, no flowery meadows, shall tempt him aside from the direct, albeit dusty, track he has marked out for his feet. Should there be pleasant bits of foliage along this same highway, or should it be crossed by tumbling brooks, it is so much gain to him. If not—well, "the way *is* the way, and there is an end."

Better than the direct journey through a tract of country or knowledge is the easier progress that permits the traveler to familiarize himself with all he passes, to learn the "lay of the land," as it were, so that he may feel, when the exploring is done, that he has explored thoroughly the section he has chosen as his field of study.

To accomplish such a result in reading, periods and people should be selected for observation. Close observation it should be, too—not the careless, hurried glancing over that misses the best points. The plan of study should be elastic—fit to serve as a control, and yet not so rigid that modification or changes for the better should be forbidden.

Among the pleasantest plans for family reading would be that outlined by the life and times of Mary, Queen of Scots. As a guide to this study, Miss Strickland's "Life of Mary Stuart" should be chosen, and selections from Froude's "History of England" touching upon his view of the character of the hapless Queen will show the other side of the shield. In lighter vein, and deeply interesting, comes Miss Yonge's "Unknown to History," containing enough historical truth mingled with its romance to catch the judgment as well as the fancy, while at the same time it makes its heroine a very real and living personage to the reader.

Schiller's "Maria Stuart" should be read at the same time, and from that one naturally glides to Miss Strickland's biography of Elizabeth in the "Queens of England." Froude's "Spanish Armada" follows, and, as a matter of course, Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" These last may quite possibly turn the student's thoughts further back and make him eager to take up Prescott's unfinished but always charming "Philip II." and Motley's "Dutch Republic." "Elizabeth of Valois" and Tennyson's "Queen Mary" naturally fit in here. Green's "Shorter History of the English People" should be constantly at hand for reference, and bits may be read from it here and there when help is needed to clear up forgotten historical points.

The ill-fated Stuart line seldom fails to enchain the interest of the thoughtful reader, and it will not be unlikely that he will follow its course through Miss Strickland's biographies of the consorts of Mary Stuart's descendants—the commonplace Anne of Denmark, the unhappy Henrietta Maria, the unloved Catherine of Braganza, and the yet less fortunate Mary Beatrice of Modena. Still later will come the life, by Vernon Lee, of the Countess of Albany, the wife of Charles Edward, the "Young Pretender."

And as a love for story-telling seems to be innate, it is quite possible that the history of those reigns will produce more lasting impressions if the facts, which in themselves run like a romance, are supplemented by such fiction as "The Draytons and the Davenants" and "On Both Sides of the Sea," Robert Louis Stevenson's "Kidnapped" and Dumas's "Twenty Years After," "In the Golden Days," by Edna Lyall; "The Fortunes of Nigel," "Waverley," "Henry Esmond," and other novels that endeavor to give pictures of life as it was "all in the long ago." Browning's "Strafford" should also be read here, and the stirring Jacobite ballads that were written and sung in honor of the "King over the water."

Other books and sketches will doubtless suggest themselves as the reading proceeds. An excellent piece of advice once given by an old scholar to a young one was to conduct all reading on the plan the student follows when perusing a book in a foreign tongue, and to pass no unfamiliar word without referring to the dictionary. A vast fund of general information is acquired by the reader who pursues this policy and runs to earth every name or allusion he does not understand.

In quite another line from the foregoing would be a course of reading dealing with the period covered by George Eliot in her "Romola." The story might then serve as the guide-book, and it would be natural to turn to Mrs. Oliphant's "Makers of Florence" and to the Life of Savonarola. Macaulay's sketch of Machiavelli will give an idea of the time in which that great policy-teacher lived. Vasari's "Lives of the Painters" will offer pen-portraits of some of the men who raised art in Florence to its high-water mark, and portraits of another kind may be found in the "Divine Comedy." Coming down to modern days, one should read in Mrs. Whitney's "Sights and Insights" those chapters that deal with the Florentine experiences of her party of travelers; while the very atmosphere of the City of Lilies seems to breathe in Robert Browning's and Mrs. Browning's Florentine poems. Indeed, books on this Tuscan city and its makers are only too plenty, and the difficulty is great of choosing the best where so much is good.

But some one may object that the courses as thus far mapped out are too extensive. Then look about you for a briefer period to study. Pick up the "Essays of Elia," and, as you read them one at a time—for they should be taken slowly and appreciatively, as one would sip a glass of rare wine—intersperse them with readings from Hazlitt's charming book on Charles and Mary Lamb. Read Barry Cornwall's biography of Charles Lamb, or Fitzgerald's, or Talfourd's "Life and Letters."

A little longer would be a set of readings which would comprise Miss Burney's "Evelina," her "Diary and Letters" as edited by S. C. Wolsey, "Fanny Burney and Her Friends," and "Mrs. Thrale," edited by L. B. Seeley. The autobiography and letters of Mrs. Delaney make very pleasant reading in this connection.

For those who care for history it is charming to take up Shakespeare's historical plays and read them as side-lights upon some such work as Green's "Shorter History of the English People." Even Charles Dickens's "Child's History of England" may serve as a connecting thread between the plays if the reader will make up his mind at the start not to be too strongly biased by the novelist's vigorous prejudices.

Our own Civil War is a most interesting study. And there are enough good poems, such as are included in Browne's "Bugle Echoes" and McCabe's "Ballads of Battle and Bravery" and in the verses of that sweet singer of the South, Margaret J. Preston, to enliven the grim records of the War of the Rebellion.

More ambitious than these, but still not too long for a month's reading, is a review of the period of the French Revolution, starting with Carlyle's history, and including Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," Victor Hugo's "Ninety-Three," and Imbert de Saint-Amand's delightful monographs on the ill-fated women whose names are linked with the Reign of Terror. Other biographies, such as those of Mme. Roland and Charlotte Corday and Austin Dobson's "Four Famous French Women," will hardly bear to be omitted. Indeed, the reader who has once dipped into Saint-Amand's charming volumes will hardly rest content until he has read them all.

Japanese Children

By Laura B. Starr

The advent of a baby in a Japanese household is the cause of much rejoicing and many ceremonies. Boys are more welcome than girls, for they may inherit title and property, and, no matter what changes may come, will always be one of the family. Girls, on the other hand, belong to the father and mother only until they are mar-

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ried; then they literally leave their own families and become daughters of their husbands' homes.

As soon as a child is born, special messengers are sent to all members of the family to carry the glad tidings; formal letters, after the fashion of our birth-cards, are sent to friends and acquaintances.

Congratulatory visits begin at once, and gifts are received until the house is filled to overflowing. Toys, of which Japan seems to have an endless variety, and materials for the baby's dresses are usually sent. Each gift is accompanied by bits of dried fish or eggs for good luck. When eggs are sent, we are told, they are arranged in a covered box, which may contain thirty, forty, or even one hundred.

These presents, as well as all others in Japan, are wrapped in white paper and tied with a red and white or red and gilt string made of twisted paper. The *woshi*—which is a small piece of dried fish delicately folded in a scrap of colored paper, and the indispensable accompaniment of every gift—is inserted underneath the knot of twisted card.

On the seventh day the baby receives its name. There is no special ceremony connected with this event, except that the child's birth is formally registered, together with its name, at the district office of registration, and the household keep holiday in honor of the event, and the family partake of a festival dish, made of a certain kind of rice cooked with red beans.

The Japanese have a form of christening somewhat similar to ours, and when the child is about a month old it is taken to one of the Shinto temples and placed under the protection of the patron saint of the temple, which saint is expected to look after and protect the child through life.

The Japanese baby wears none of the dainty embroidered garments such as those in which we clothe our little ones, but is at once put into little *kimonos*, cut after the same pattern as those worn by its elders, made of bright-colored silk and crape. A baby wears as many of these garments as are needed to keep him warm; they are placed one within another, and all slipped on together, so that there is little or no trouble or fuss about dressing.

These garments are cut long enough to cover the little one's feet; the yards of superfluous material to which we are accustomed are dispensed with. A small sash or *obi*, made of goods similar to the garment, or frequently of handsomer material, is tied around the waist, and keeps the *kimono* in place.

Young babies, not more than two or three weeks old, are thus dressed and tied by long bands of cloth to the backs of older brothers or sisters, and wherever the older children go the baby goes. Children are trained to this mode of carrying babies by having dolls of various sizes strapped to their backs almost as soon as they can walk.

Very young children all wear the same colors for a few months; then the boy is put into sober lines of blues, grays, greens, and browns, while the girl—until her marriage-day—wears the brightest colors and most exaggerated patterns, with an under petticoat of red. This she leaves off when she puts on her bridal dress, and it is said that one of the prayers she makes on her wedding-morn is that love will not fly with the red petticoat.

Some writer has called Japan the "Paradise of Babies." In one sense this is true, for they live outdoor lives, and are free from the restraint of clothes and fashion; but to be carried about all day in the hot sun, sometimes with no shelter from its blinding rays, and to sleep with his little head bobbing about, as the elder child runs and plays, seems to be not quite the perfection of life; still, the babies bear their lot with equanimity, and bob up smiling every time.

As a rule, Japanese babies are good, and one seldom hears even older children crying or quarreling. The little ones soon learn to adapt themselves to the rest on sister's or brother's back, and look as if they enjoyed life in a solemn sort of way. Their little, bead-like black eyes seem preternaturally old, which is not much to be wondered at, as they are really "out in society" very early in life.

The little Nipponese seldom indulge in rough, romping, boisterous games; they are remarkably gentle in their manners and ways. Their toys are the most fragile of playthings, and yet they keep them intact for years. An American child will pick out her doll's eyes to see how she shuts them, and dig holes in her ribs to let out the sawdust; in fact, make her "a thing of shreds and patches" in less than twenty-four hours. The little Japanese lady carries her doll as if it were made of precious stuff, and keeps it very carefully. When she is a grown woman she has all her dolls and toys in a good state of preservation.

One little matron of eighteen or nineteen summers took me in the *godown*, the fire-proof building for valuables, and showed me an array of dolls that was quite surprising. They were beautifully dressed, and looked as if they had been bought yesterday.

The Feast of the Dolls takes place on the third day of the third month. At this time all the dolls of the family, some of them hundreds of years old, are brought out, and for three days great festivities are carried on.

There are dolls dressed like the Mikado and his wife in antique court costumes, daimios, samurais, and so on down the social scale, each accessory carried out with great nicety and precision. Oftentimes all the household furniture in miniature is packed away with the dolls and brought out on Feast Day. At such times the trays, bowls, cups, and rice-buckets are filled with tiny scraps of food, and the dolls fare sumptuously during the three days of the feast.

A delicate kind of *saké*, which is harmless, is brewed for this occasion, and everything is done for the household of dolls as carefully as if they were real creatures of flesh and blood. The tiniest of combs and brushes and other toilet accessories, such as paint and powder, red and white, as well as the liquid for blackening the teeth when the doll is married—all are there, the smallest piece made with as much care and finish as if it were to belong to the Mikado himself.

For three days the girls run riot with their dolls and toys, and then the latter are again locked up in the storehouse to remain another year without seeing the light. Rather hard lines for the little ones, isn't it?

Beuten, the Japanese Venus, is supposed to give girls beauty and attractiveness, and to her do all girls and women pray devoutly. All children wear amulets in the shape of embroidered bags around their necks, with small gods inside; and Beuten, the goddess of beauty, is more often found on the girl's neck than Kwannon, the goddess of mercy.

As the bite of the serpent is supposed to be more fatal to girls than boys, the nails of their little fingers are dyed red, to prevent an attack of the reptile.

The girls play a game of battledore and shuttlecock, with a flat wooden paddle for a battledore; this is shaped not unlike a small fan, and is covered with silk or crape ornamented with miniature figures of gayly dressed Japanese women.

The boys' festival corresponding to the feast of the dolls takes place on the fifth day of the fifth month, and is called the Feast of Flags, or the Festival of Hachinau, the god of war. The shops are full of suitable toys, effigies of heroes and warriors, generals and commanders, soldiers on foot and horse. The toys represent the equipments and regalia of a daimios' procession, and all kinds of things used in war. A set of these toys is bought for each son born in the family.

Poles adorned with paper carp, after the manner of flags, are set up all over the city, one carp for every son that has been born in the community during the past year.

The reason carp are used is that they are supposed to swim up river against the current more bravely than any other fish. So the Japanese think well of the sturdy boy who, overcoming all obstacles, rises to fame and fortune. The city presents an animated appearance with all the gayly colored fish-flags flying in the air, and the children dressed in their best toddling about on their wooden shoes. This festival lasts a week, and guests are invited, each one of whom brings a present, and refreshments are served at all hours. *Geishas* are hired to play the *samisen* and to

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dance, and the whole day and night are given over to festivities.

One of the boys at our hotel invited a party of us to visit his house during this festival. We, having only just arrived in Japan, thought we should be doing the pretty thing if we took some trifling gift to the little one whose advent the father was celebrating. We did so, but found our gifts sinking into insignificance beside the houseful of handsome and costly toys sent by the Japanese friends. Hundreds of dollars are sometimes spent upon toys for these occasions.

Very early in life boys are taught to be brave and courageous. To die for one's family or feudal lord is the greatest virtue. They must sacrifice all their hopes in life and ambition to avenge a wrong or slight put upon one to whom they owe allegiance. Since the Restoration this feeling is not so strong as formerly, but still cowardice is thought to be the greatest sin.

Kite combats are one of the greatest amusements in Japan. In January, the kite-flyers, old and young, assemble on the river-bed and the commons, and thousands of kites dart hither and thither, like things of life, as if they were some weird sort of birds in search of prey; and so they are, for the strings are covered with pounded glass, which will cut other strings if they can get a set saw on them.

Their kites have large, squinting eyes and the forms of vampires; and many Japanese toys are so grotesque that they would frighten children of any other country; but a grotesque and fantastic gayety is a delight to these children.

The Japanese are so fond of their children that they dislike to be separated from them even for a short time. They keep them with them night and day, and, as they are very irregular in their hours of eating and sleeping, the little ones suffer in consequence. The children are allowed to remain up until all hours of the night, while their elders work or lounge about and talk.

It is not an uncommon sight, if one is passing through the streets of a town at midnight, to catch glimpses of babies and little ones rolling and tumbling about, their eyes wide open and shining like stars. In fact, it seems to be the aim of parents to make the children as much like grown people as possible. From their earliest childhood they are taught the ceremonious politeness which so distinguishes the older Japanese, and while it is very stilted and formal, still the children are so quaint and old-fashioned that it does not rest awkwardly upon them; they do not achieve politeness—they are born to it.

Mr. Natty's Fairy Story

By James C. Purdy

It was a hopelessly rainy day.

Nat Stokes, Farmer Crim's hired man, sat on an empty nail-keg in the barn, very busy with an old harness that needed mending. He heard a queer sort of shuffling noise outside, and looked up. He grinned pleasantly at what he saw; and, still holding the two ends of his waxed thread suspended in the air, he continued to look out towards the house.

Mildred Percival was coming to keep him company. That was always a pleasant prospect for Nat Stokes.

"Here I come, Mr. Natty," the child cried, gayly, stopping on the threshold. "My mamma said I might come out to the barn and play with you."

"Wal, now, if this ain't real nice!" Nat responded, heartily. "I was jest a-wishin' fur company. I'm much obliged to your ma. Come right in 'nd make yourself to home."

But the visitor was not quite ready to come in yet. She was a quaint figure as she stood there framed in the great doorway, with the drenched landscape behind her. She was draped in Farmer Crim's old "rain-coat" of yellow oil-cloth. The yellow hat to match the coat was on her head, and it had been pushed far back that the laughing brown eyes might have a chance to look out upon the world. One hand held the disorderly coat together in front, and the other hand was busy putting back the tangle of brown hair which the wind had blown about the flushed and rain-beaten face.

Beside her stood a draggled rooster and two wet hens that had followed her through the rain in the hope of corn or crumbs. She looked down at them and laughed.

"Just awful weather, isn't it, chickies?" she said, in friendly sympathy. "I think they might let you be ducks such a day as this; then you wouldn't look so sorry. Come in and stay with us."

She made a motion to urge the fowls into the shelter of the barn. It was misunderstood, and, with much loud cackling, the foolish creatures fled away through the rain. Mildred looked after them in surprise, and then proceeded to get out of the misfitting coat and hat. The rubber boots that encumbered her feet were more troublesome; but at length she managed to get them off also.

"I'm sure I don't know what such weather means," said the little visitor, coming close to the side of her friend. "Little girls can't be ducks, any more than chickens can; and when little girls come out into the country to stay, they want to play out-of-doors. I could play in the house, just staying home in the city. That isn't what I came to the country for; I told my mamma that, and then she said I might come down to the barn and play with you. I guess I'd rather do that than play out-of-doors, just for once."

"Them's the right sort o' sentiments. Now you jest sit right down here 'nd talk to me till I git this harness fixed, 'nd then we'll hunt fur eggs. I know where there's ever so many nests."

Nat reached out and turned a half-bushel bottom upwards for her to sit on, and for a while they were as cozy and sociable as possible. But the old harness seemed to need a great deal of mending, and conversation flagged before the job was completed.

"Mr. Natty!"

"Well, Miss Mildred?"

"Why, Mr. Natty, I'll tell you what you must do. You must tell me a story. A really, truly fairy story."

If she had thrown something at Nat Stokes, she could not have surprised him more. He looked at her doubtfully.

"Yes, you must! It isn't fair to make me tell all the time. I've told you every single story I know, over and over. Now you've got to pay me back. I'm not going to talk one word more. I'm just going to listen!"

Nat rubbed his sharp chin with one thumb and one finger, pretending to consider how he might get out of a very alarming scrape. Then he began to work more vigorously than ever.

"Don't—know—any!" he said between stitches.

"Now that doesn't make one bit of difference. It will be all the better for your not knowing it. Somebody has to make up all the stories before they are ever told, you know. I think it will be splendid to have you make one just for me! They're all the more interesting when you think them out, instead of just remembering them."

Nat assumed a desperate air. Then he cleared his throat.

"Once upon a time," he recited like a school-boy.

"That's right! That's the way it ought to begin!"

"Yes, I know. I know how it ought to begin. But how on earth it's goin' to keep on, 'nd how it's goin' to end, is what bothers me! Now, what would you have come after 'once upon a time'?"

"Let me see. It must be a fairy story, you know. Oh, if you only *could* make something like Cinderella! I love that the very best of all."

"Like that better than 'The Cow that Jumped over the Moon'? I always thought *that* was a nice story. It seems so free an' bouncin' like."

"I should think it was free and bouncing! And, anyway, that isn't a fairy story at all."

"That's because you never heard the fairy part of it. You don't s'pose that cow was jumpin' over the moon all her life, do you? Of course not! There was lots of things happened to her besides that—things that nobody ever

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told anything about. And some of 'em was mighty strange. Why, she was the same cow that tossted the House that Jack Built, for one thing."

"I never knew that. Tell me all about her," said Mildred, so interested that she forgot to criticise Nat's way of stating the case.

"Well, once upon a time there was an old cow—"

Nat stopped to collect his ideas. Mildred gave a little gurgle of happy anticipation, and leaned her elbow on her knee.

"Once upon a time there was an old cow that lived in a shoe—"

"She did not! No cow in this world ever lived in a shoe!"

"I mean hill. Once upon a time there was an old cow that lived under a hill. And if she's not gone she lives there still."

"I think you are just too dreadful! What a way that is to end a fairy story!"

"That's not the end. Did you think that was the end? Why, that's only the startin' out. Now you jest be still, 'nd don't keep interferin', 'nd you'll have a good story after I git it to goin' all right. It takes time! And if she's not gone she lives there still. I don't know anything about that. All I know is, she had a mighty curious time while she did live there. Things kept happenin' to her that nobody ever heard the like of before."

"Oh, do go on! Tell me what they were!"

"Ain't I goin' on? She had a bee-yutiful stable to sleep in, there under the hill, with plenty to eat 'nd all that; but yet she wasn't willin' to stay there all the time. That was natural enough, I s'pose, bein' a cow. It's different with folks, of course. There wasn't a purtier place in the whole country than right there under the hill, 'nd yet this old cow could never be quiet.

"The place that she liked best to go was over to Jack's brewery that he built, where he had the malt laid up to feed the rats. This old cow was dreadful fond of malt, 'nd she'd go over there every day 'nd steal some o' Jack's. It was missed, of course, but nobody ever thought o' the cow. It was all blamed on the rats.

"But the watchdog Jack kept there, he jest knew how it was, 'nd he drove the old cow away every chance he got. One afternoon he found her there 'nd flew at her as usual, but she felt frisky 'nd didn't want to go. She showed fight right off, and tried to tosst the dog. But he was on the wrong side of her, 'nd she couldn't. You see, that was the side her crumpled horn was on, 'nd that horn was never any good fur hookin'. So the dog got out of her way, 'nd nipped her heels, 'nd she galloped off mad, with her head down 'nd her tail stickin' straight up.

"Now, that's one thing you've got to remember about this story. The cow with the crumpled horn didn't tosst the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jack built, right straight off, the first time tryin'. It wasn't till a hundred years after that time that she really tossted him. And the reason for that long wait was that the dog was a fairy dog."

"A fairy dog! I never heard of such a thing!"

"They're all the more interestin' when you have to think 'em out instead of jest rememberin' 'em! Yes, he was a fairy dog. Or maybe not that, exactly. He had a fairy takin' care of him. That's it. And it made the fairy out o' patience to see the cow act the way she did to the dog, so she jest interfered in her own way. The cow got back to the stable all right, and went into her stall 'nd laid down to rest, bein' tired with her run from the brewery.

"Now comes the queer thing about this story. When the Maiden All Forlorn came to the stable to milk the cow with crumpled horn that tried to tosst the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jack built, that evenin', she found the cow fast asleep, 'nd couldn't wake her up to be milked. She jest lay there 'nd snored, the cow did, You see, the fairy had hit on that way to punish the cow. The poor creetur had to lay right there 'nd sleep fur a hundred years, 'nd nobody could wake her up.

"So the Maiden All Forlorn stopped tryin', 'nd went to countin' over the money she expected to git fur the chickens she expected to git from the eggs she expected to git for the milk she expected to git from the cow with crumpled horn that tried to tosst the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jack built."

"Whew! wait a minute!"

"Well, all at once the Maiden All Forlorn began to feel sleepy herself. The first thing she knew she had dropped right down in the deep, warm, soft grass 'nd was fast asleep. She noticed, jest as she shut her eyes, that she had a curly dog fur a pillow to rest her head on. It was Jack's dog, 'nd it was a mistake, his bein' there. The fairy didn't mean that at all. You see, it was a part o' the spell that every livin' thing that came near that cow had to go right to sleep 'nd stay asleep as long as she did. The dog chased the cow in there before the fairy could stop him, and of course he had to go right to sleep, too. And he had to stay asleep fur a hundred years, that's more of it. For the fairy herself couldn't wake any of 'em up after she'd once put 'em to sleep. It was like a time-lock after it's been set.

"Well, the fairy made a thick scrub of underbrush grow up all around that place, so as to keep other folks out. You see, she didn't want it to be a reg'lar tavern fur sleepy folks to put up at. But fur all that, she couldn't keep everybody out. The first thing she knew, along came Jack lookin' fur his dog. He tracked the dog right into the woods, 'nd before the fairy could say a word he'd pushed so far into the brush that he had to stay there 'nd go to sleep along with the rest of 'em.

"So there was the whole lot in there together, all fast asleep. There was the Man All Tattered and Torn (that was Jack. He wasn't a tramp, like they've always tried to make him out. He jest tore his clothes that time pushin' his way through the briers after his dog); there was the Maiden All Forlorn; there was the Cow with Crumpled Horn; there was the Dog that Worried, 'nd cettery, 'nd cettery.

"And there they all had to stay for a hundred years. There was no help fur that. Lots o' things happened in all that time, of course. You can't keep children 'nd birds 'nd wolves out o' the thickest woods. So the two babes with the bad uncle got in there along with all the rest, 'nd the little things jest cuddled down there to sleep as comfortable as you please. And the robins covered 'em up with leaves, 'nd then went to sleep right there alongside of 'em, with their heads under their wings, poor things! And when the hundred years was up there wasn't any old uncle for 'em to be afraid of.

"And the wolf that had a spite against the little girl with the red cap, he started through there, short-cut to the old grandmother's house, 'nd of course he had to go to sleep 'nd stay right there with all the rest. That gave the old lady 'nd the little girl a hundred years longer to live than they would have had if he'd gone the other way. A body can live a good while in a hundred years, I want you to know! So you see the fairy's performance did some good, anyhow. Ever so many more things happened there, too, but I guess I won't take time to tell you about 'em.

"Well, jest the minute the hundred years was up—snap! everybody was wide awake; all except the Maiden All Forlorn; that is, she was one o' the lazy sort that always oversleep themselves, no matter how early they go to bed. She did the same thing now. It was jest a bad habit with her. The cow was the first one to wake up. The very first thing she saw was the dog, jest stretchin' himself 'nd crawlin' out from under the Maiden All Forlorn's head. The cow jumped straight at him, 'nd she tossted him good, with the fairy right there lookin' on, before the fairy could say a word or do a thing.

"When the cow got done that job, she looked round, 'nd there was the Maiden asleep yet. Jack had seen her by this time, 'nd had noticed how pretty she was. He spied all around every way to see if anybody was lookin', 'nd there wasn't anybody but the cow, so he kissed her."

"Kissed the cow!" cried Mildred, in astonishment.

"And then she woke right up in a minute," Nat con-

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tinued, calmly, paying no attention to the embarrassing interruption.

"Now, whether it was because she was astonished by such goin's on, or whether she felt sort o' cramped in her legs after sleepin' so long in one position, I don't know, but the very next thing the cow did was to jump over the moon. That's what I told you in the first place. It was all the same cow.

"Almost anybody else would have stopped to look at such a jump as that, but Jack and the Maiden All Forlorn paid no attention to it at all. And while the cow was gone they started right off to get married.

"There! I've got that old harness done at last. Now we'll go 'nd hunt fur eggs."

"Why, Mr. Natty!" Mildred cried out in protest. "That isn't all, is it? I've been waiting all this time for you to get to Cinderella!"

"Cinderella? Oh, why—well, you see, punkins ain't ripe yet!" said Nat, with solemn seriousness.

Sunday Afternoon

"Shall the Son of Man Find Faith on the Earth?"

By Samuel H. Bishop, D.D.

Howbeit when the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth? Luke xviii., 8.

Every great spirit has, at some time, to ask itself the questions: Is the life I am living worth my while? Is the work I am doing something which reaches beyond me into the future? Am I concerning myself with something that is temporary, enduring only while my life endures, or with something that is eternal? What will be the result of my work and of my life? Lesser spirits ask the question: Shall I be remembered after I am dead? This last question seems weakly sentimental, but it is in lesser degree, according to the measure of him who asks it, the same question that the greater spirit asks; and it reveals evidence of the kinship of the race, of something in every mind, great as well as small, which lies at the basis of human effort and inspires human progress. And there is an element of pathos in the question which gives to every one who asks it a kind of greatness, because it implies some desire to be and to do something worthy of remembrance. It is interesting to see how the forms of the question grade.

The lowest form is concerned only with the person: Shall *I* be remembered after I am dead? The next higher form is concerned with the work and with the person: Is the work I am doing eternal, so that I shall share the nature of my work? The highest form, the divine form, is concerned only with the work: Is the work so great, so rich, so valuable, that, no matter what becomes of me, *it* must go on forever, it must result in an eternal fruitage? This is the form of the question as our Lord asks it: "Howbeit when the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" And the pathos in the question comes out of the fact that our Lord's energies and life were spent in the work of inspiring and of developing faith on the earth. There are two or three incidental thoughts which are suggested by this fact. Jesus Christ had a purpose for which he was living. Life is existence plus purpose; and life will never be complete unless the purpose be as broad as the existence. It is the element of purpose which differentiates living from lasting. An existence without a purpose is a question to which there is no answer, a half to which there is no complementary half, a key for which there is no lock. Purpose is equilibrium and at the same time momentum, center of gravity and also the principle and the power of upward movement.

Another incidental thought is that each man's purpose should be a little larger, a little heavier, than he. Environment always contributes a little of its nature to the smallest individual in it. Large circumstances, large opportunities, give a kind of largeness to him who can use them. The inland lake that is brought into connection with the ocean will soon become salt: the larger gives character to the smaller. You get a sense of infinity within you when you stand at night in some place in which you can see a vast expanse of sky flaming with light from myriads of worlds and suns, whose distances from each other and from yourself you cannot even conceive; and when the lightning plays from under the horizon, you get a sense of kinship with something which is beyond the veil that circumscribes your human sight. So purpose, as it is larger, should be heavier, than self—that is, should add intensity to living. An excess of weight on one side of a balance-scale sends the other side up, and if the length of the cross-bar were infinite, the uplift would be infinite. An intense purpose acts externally in uplifting life; it also acts internally. A projectile that is to carry far must have a density or weight that shall bear a certain mathematical relation to its size. Lead is used for rifle-balls because its density or weight is great and its spatial displacement is small. That is what is meant by calling purpose the momentum of the soul.

Then, large and intense purpose will always have a future reference. The essence of immortality is an endless purpose in the soul. Immortality is not merely continued existence; it is continued activity. It is not sufficient that you keep on living. You must live in those who follow you. George Eliot neglected a part of the idea of immortality, but she had a firm grasp on another part of the idea when she said:

> O may I join the choir invisible
> Of those immortal dead who live again
> In minds made better by their presence: live
> In pulses stirred to generosity,
> In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
> For miserable aims that end with self,
> In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
> And with their mild persistence urge man's search
> To vaster issues. . . . This is life to come,
> Which martyred men have made more glorious
> For us who strive to follow.

And so it is because our Lord had a large and intense purpose in his life—that of perpetuating faith—that the question was for him immensely important, and the answer to it correspondingly important. "Howbeit when the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" And, in view of the fact that Christianity has been in the world nearly nineteen hundred years, and has controlled and inspired the majority of the strongest minds of the race, in view of the verification which history confessedly gives to many of its postulates, the question is important for us. Whether we will or no, Christianity pervades and dominates the richest part of our lives. Our lives are inextricably intertwined and bound up with it. Men must have a purpose in life to the working out of which their energies are bent, they must have a religious purpose; for religion is only another word for the origins of moral life; and as Christianity is the best-known form of religion, we cannot but ask, Is it the permanent form? In the transition to larger and better systems which our thought is making, in the evolution of the human mind, are we to find a higher religion? or have we found the final religion? and is the evolutionary process all contained within it? And, my friends, I think if we would be profoundly at rest, quietly happy in our belief; if we would work whole-heartedly, work with all the energies of our souls, we must honestly answer this question. There is an instinct in us, a demand of our natures, all-powerful, all-controlling, that, in the sphere of religion at least, we work for final ends. Hence the fact that Christianity has forced all the other religions of the world to make the claim to finality. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God . . . with all thy mind," means, Thou shalt search for the truth, and to know the *whole* truth shalt thou bend thine energies.

But note that, when our Lord asks the question, he uses the word faith: not creed, not doctrine, but faith; and so we ask ourselves, What is faith? It seems to me the best

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definition we can find is: Faith is receptivity of God. It is not merely a creed, not merely a concrete expression of intellection. It never can be limited. It never can be perfectly or definitely expressed. As God is infinite, faith always must have a future reference, a future content. And out of this great definition there come minor definitions: Faith is a higher knowledge, a "winged intellect," as says another; it is insight into the permanent; it is the substance of things hoped for, the tendency toward perfection, the capacity of mind in which eternal life begins in us. Faith is the gift of God in the best sense, because it is through faith as openness of mind and heart that God gives himself. Ah, then, says the sentimentalist, the man who is intellectually a sluggard, the man who wants religion without theology, the man who dreams but does not think, the man who wraps his intellectual talent up in a napkin and cheats God out of his rightful interest—I am right: faith is a sentiment, a feeling of trust in God that does not require any intellectual effort. No, my friend, you are no nearer right than the dogmatist who says, Faith is a true creed, a correct systematic theology; or than the moralist who says, Faith is blind obedience. Faith is something larger than any of these: it is all of them. Faith is receptivity of God, and God in your soul works out there his thought, his love, his will; and so you become a thoughtful man, a loving man, an obedient man. That man has the best, the largest, faith who thinks most scientifically, most truly; whose thinking takes concrete expression, and yet who never supposes his thinking to include all of knowledge; who trusts most completely, and yet most reasonably; who obeys most willingly, and yet whose obedience is the glad result of deep insight into the very life and work of God. Ah, my friends! let us never forget that true faith always has its intellectual expression, though never a complete expression; that great sentiment always has its theory; that worthy obedience is always rational obedience.

"Howbeit when the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" I think we are now ready to answer, Yes! In the very best sense of the word, the Son of man, when he cometh, shall find faith on the earth. As long as man is conscious of his insufficiency, his incompleteness, as long as man recognizes that he has not realized the fullness of his own life, so long there will be aspiration, tendency toward the perfect, polarity of his nature toward God's nature; and that is the very essence of faith. But here comes the subjectivist—the man who relies implicitly on his own reason, who separates himself from the reason and from the consciousness of other men; the spiritist, the man who says, "Oh, yes, that is just what I believe! I don't care about the literal meaning of the things I see and hear. Give me the spiritual significance. Form is nothing; spirit is everything." Ah, my friends! I am pleading to-day for the scientific, the factual, in religion. I bow unreservedly with the scientist to a *fact*. I yield, and we must always yield and answer frankly and honestly to the man who asks us: "What are the objective facts which are universal and upon which the scientific men can get hold?" Individual spiritual experience is a fact—a fact unquestionable for him whose experience it is; but it is neither objective nor universal. Human souls are in an important sense spiritually non-conductors. Spiritual experience is not transmittible. It is good only for him who is the subject of it. The richest, deepest spiritual experiences cannot be put into words. Great Christian souls have great secrets to keep. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." But there must be something objective, something factual, of which those who have not the spiritual experience can get hold, and by means of which they can make spiritual experience possible for themselves. By way of illustration, I get a deal of comfort in studying the methods of certain scientists, who, in their investigations of nature, work on the basis of absolute materialism. They rigorously exclude from their calculations every supposition or theory which cannot be verified as a fact by the numerous observations and experiments of more than one observer. Indeed, the dominant scientific method to-day is that of quantitative measurement. And yet if you and I were to ask some one of these very men who so rigorously exclude from the realm of scientific reality everything which cannot be made the subject of careful observation and experiment, "What is this world which you are studying, and to whose physical laws you yield such thorough submission?" he might totally deny the existence of a material world, and say it is only the phenomena of mind.

And, my friends, spiritual religion, even though its deepest content is beyond sense, beyond intellect, beyond scientific demonstration, must never be separated from scientific reality; it must always have a formal, an intellectual, an objective reality. So, as God comes more and more into the mind and heart of man, there must always be a stimulation of the intellect; and as men think, they formulate their thoughts. Hence there will be creeds; not cast-iron, not dogmatic creeds to blind our eyes to the truth, but living symbols which point and help us onward to the great truths of God. Spiritual religion has an intellectual basis. Trees which branch and leave widely and gloriously in the air root deeply and broadly in the ground. A wise temple or cathedral architect keeps the lines of his aerial structure well within those of the base. You may walk with your head among the stars if your feet are on the ground. The sky above us looks to be spherical because the earth is spherical. If it be true that the universe is an adamantine solid, even the spirits and the angels walk on a material substance.

That is the best Biblical interpretation which is most vitally in touch with the textual criticism of the Bible. The most exalted and spiritually minded man I ever knew is one whose scholarship is the severest and most minute. A great thought is a collection of little thoughts. That is the most spiritual religion which takes most careful cognizance of the literal element, but always remembers that the literal is not the whole of religion. As soon as knowledge becomes perfect it becomes literal. It is because knowledge is not complete that there is room for faith. Faith is literal knowledge become symbolic and prophetic. That which has been is that which in larger and better form shall be. Ah yes! when the Son of man cometh, he shall find faith on the earth. As God is infinite, the possibilities of progress are also infinite; and faith is the assurance, the substance, of everlasting possibilities in the life of God. And that will mean the permanence of the knowledge already gained. The truths of the creed will survive, the great historic facts of religion, of Christianity, will stand forever true, types and symbols realizing themselves over and over again in new and greater truths as men shall be able to bear them; insight becoming sight, faith verifying its object into knowledge and flying on in prophecy to the beat of the excelsior song that rings on the measureless mountains of God. And, my friends, the question is a personal appeal to you and to me. Are we seeking to perpetuate the faith? Have we open minds? Are we striving to know the truth, to feel the truth, and to obey the truth?

Redemption in Christ[1]

By Lyman Abbott

It is difficult to interpret this passage in so brief a compass as is allowed by the conditions of these Sunday-school lesson papers without subjecting one's views to serious misinterpretation. To avoid this, if possible, let me say in a preliminary paragraph that I understand salvation to be synonymous with character, and redemption to be deliverance not primarily from penalty, but primarily from sin; that I believe Jesus Christ has come into the world as the Son of God to deliver mankind from sin and to furnish salvation—that is, to develop in those that trust in him a character like his own; though this salvation is afforded partly by the trust which he teaches, partly by the example which he sets, partly by the influence which he exerts, but

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for October 8, 1893.—Romans iii., 19-26.

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beyond all these it is also furnished by the sacrifice which he has made of himself, because of the love which he bears to man and to God, who is man's Father.

The object of Paul in the Epistle to the Romans is to maintain that this redemption is thus afforded by Christ Jesus, and freely offered to all who are willing to accept it. And the gist of the teaching of Paul's Epistle to the Romans on this subject is embodied in the seven verses selected for the study of the Sunday-schools on the approaching Sabbath. With this general introductory statement I do not know how better to give to the readers of The Outlook my understanding of this passage than by quoting the interpretation of it given in my "Commentary on Romans," and referring the reader for further details of interpretation in confirmation of this view to the notes on this passage contained in that report.

The object of Paul's life was to build up character; his method was to bring souls into direct, sympathetic relations with God. The heart of his theology is expressed in two words, *righteousness* and *faith*. Righteousness is Paul's word for character; and it is a great deal better word than any of the modern substitutes. It is better than manhood, which indicates man as the standard; better than character, which may be either good or bad. Righteousness is character built upon right lines, square to the true standard: the righteousness of God is character squared to God's ideal, as it exists in himself, as it was manifested in Jesus Christ his only begotten Son, as it is purposed by him for all his willing children. Faith is Paul's word for the power of seeing and living by the invisible. He describes it as looking at the things which are not seen; he, or one of his immediate pupils, defines it as "the evidence of things unseen." It is faith alone, therefore, which can appreciate righteousness; faith alone which can receive directly and immediately the sympathetic influence of a wholly unseen God. Men are saved when they have the righteousness of God wrought in them; they are in the way of salvation when they have begun to work out in themselves the right lines of character, as exemplified in the life of his Son; it is *by faith* they are saved, because the way to work out these right lines of character is to enter into sympathetic relations with God and live in the inspiring influence of his perpetual presence. We have faith in the sufferings of the Son of God when we apprehend sin as he apprehended it, and it is in some true sense a burden and a grief to us as it was to him.

That men are not righteous; that they cannot make themselves so by careful and conscientious obedience to rules and statutes, whether of Moses or Gamaliel; that if they desire to be righteous they need do nothing whatever to secure God's fatherly sympathy in the endeavor to become so, but have only to accept his personal helpfulness, receive it, trust in it; that, so trusting in it, they are certain under his inspiration to eventually attain the righteousness which seems so beyond their reach; that this possibility is the same for Jew and for pagan, for the people of God and for the outcast nations of the earth; and that, having once entered upon this endeavor, sustained by the personal sympathy and inspiration of a God ever present in human experience, they are freed from all fears and anxieties, and may live in the perfect liberty of children in a household of love: this is the gist of Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and this is expressed with enigmatic compactness in verses 21–26 of this chapter. The two interpretations given to these verses indicate clearly the radical difference between the two schools of interpretation. The one school hold that God's righteousness is an obstacle to the forgiveness of sins; that this obstacle must be somehow taken out of the way; that before the sins can be forgiven this righteousness or justice of God must be satisfied by a punishment or its equivalent; and that the sacrifice of Christ is the equivalent which enables God to righten or justify the believer in Jesus in spite of the demands which otherwise his righteousness or justice would make on him for the sinner's punishment: thus, for example, Dr. Shedd, in his Commentary on Romans: "just and yet the justifier; implying that there is a natural incompatibility between the two things. . . . St. Paul implies that if God had justified the ungodly without a propitiation, he would not have been just." The other school hold that God's righteousness is the instrument or means, or rather the *power*, by which the world is to be rightened; that justice and mercy are only different inflections of love, and that love is righteousness; that it is by the impartation of his own righteousness to those who are the willing recipients of his influence, by faith apprehending and receiving it, God sets sinful men right, both in themselves and in their relations to him; that the object of the sacrifice of Christ, in suffering for the sin of the world, is to show forth the long-suffering of a God who is from eternity the world's Sin-bearer and Burden-bearer; and that, through faith in his self-sacrificing love, we are brought into spiritual oneness with him, who, by the life, sufferings, and death of Christ, is manifested to our spiritual apprehension as possessing that kind of righteousness which rightens all those who by faith welcome and receive him. The interpretation of the Pauline Epistles, and so the whole formulated Christian theology, will depend largely upon which of these keys the reader accepts and uses. The former is almost uniformly used in the theological treatises and the commentaries; the latter largely in the hymnology and the books of Christian experience. I believe the latter furnishes the true interpretation. Employing this key, this passage, which contains in a seed-form the whole Pauline theology, may be paraphrased as follows:

In our time, by methods other than those of the law, we see God's true character manifested, albeit the character is the same as that which was less clearly set forth by the law and the prophets; but to us the true character of God is revealed in the person of his Son, the Messiah, typified in the law and foretold by the prophets, but in these later days come upon earth, the express image of God's person, and the brightness of his glory; not understood by the Jews to whom he came, but revealed unto all those who have the power of spiritual apprehension, whether Jews or Greeks; for God makes no difference between them in his dealings with them. For all men have sinned, as we have already shown, both Jews and Gentiles, and all fall short of that glorious image in which God made man, for which God destines man, and of which God has given an example in the man Christ Jesus. For we are rightened freely by God's gift of himself, imparted to us; we are bondmen to sin, but we are purchased from our master by Christ Jesus, whom God hath set forth before all the world as a Mercy-Seat, in whom God and man come into fellowship and oneness; but this is only by spiritually apprehending and appreciating his self-sacrifice, and so entering into and becoming participators with him in his cross, whom God hath appointed to show that his apparent indifference to the sins of the world in its past history was due, not to indifference, but to forbearance and the patient waiting of love, and, so far from being inconsistent with his righteousness, was itself the fruit of his righteousness; to show also his righteousness in the provision which, in these later days of a Gospel dispensation, he has made for the deliverance of man from sin; that thus he might be known to possess that kind of righteousness which rightens all those who spiritually apprehend and unite themselves to his Son Jesus Christ.

Christian Endeavor Topics, Daily Readings: October 9—They might set their hope in God (Ps. lxxviii., 6–11); October 10—Whose hope the Lord is (Jer. xvii., 7–17); October 11—Let me not be ashamed of my hope (Ps. cxix., 113–120); October 12—The hope of the promise (Acts xxvi., 1–7); October 13—Full assurance of hope (Heb. vi., 11–15); October 14—My hope (Phil. i., 20–27); October 15—Topic: The hope that maketh not ashamed (Rom. v., 1–5; Phil. i., 20–27). (Missionary meeting suggested.)

Morality is often grace working out into a noble life-form.—*Beecher.*

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The Religious World

The Parliament of Religions

From our Special Correspondent

The projected "Parliament of Religions" in Chicago has become a fact, and a fact so assured that its principles and lessons can never again be eliminated from the Christian consciousness of America. Those who came up to its deliberations in answer to the faith of Dr. Barrows and his helpers have seen thousands of people thronging to the Art Institute, listening to lessons of toleration and brotherly love, and aspiring to the better knowledge of a common Father; no cloud has fallen upon the Congress, save it may be the passing one of the disapproval of the Archbishop of Canterbury—and that, in view of the cordial blessing and approval of Dionysus Latus, Archbishop of Zante, a high dignitary of the Greek Church, the enthusiastic participation of prelates of the Roman branch of the Catholic Church, and the noble addresses of at least one bishop and sundry clergy of the American Episcopal Church, caused but a small obscuration of the sunshine bestowed upon the Parliament by the distinctively "catholic" section of the universal Catholic Church of Christ, here gathered in conference with representatives of those who, under widely alien forms, still worship God according to the highest light of such revelation of himself as he has so far seen fit to give them.

The first days of the Congress were largely occupied in presentations of the various religions represented, and of the most attractive and impressive personalities of those who have come afar from East and from West to set forth their ideas of God and to express their sympathy with the great idea of human brotherhood in relation to this God.

Among the Indians, who, under the general name of Hindus, here represent a variety of religions and sects prevalent among that most religious people, stand prominently Narasima-Chari, Swami Vivakananda, and Dharmapala. The first of these is a high-caste Brahmin; in common with the many others of his race who are seen on the platform of the Congress, he is marked by a fine physique, indicating mental and spiritual refinement; he is a Brahmin of the Brahmins, young and handsome. The same qualities of inherited aristocracy mark Swami Vivakananda, a priest of Brahminism, who is one of the most thoroughly and broadly educated men in Europe wearing the yellow robe of the priest; a magnificent orator, Vivakananda stood on the platform of the Congress and plead eloquently for the ancient religion of India—the Vedic. Dharmapala, a Buddhist priest from Ceylon, has a face marked by deep spirituality; his expositions of the pure and gentle teachings of the prophet whom he represents have been everywhere listened to with respectful attention. While to him Gautama Buddha was the absolutely perfect teacher, he renders deep homage to Jesus the Christ of Christianity. His pure white robes mark him as the teacher. He is here directly representing the Bishop of Ceylon and the orthodox Buddhism of southern India. Miss Jeanne Serabji, Khersedji Laugmna, of Bombay (a friend of Ramabai), a converted Parsee, and Chakrarti, of the Theosophical Society, are other noted Indians. A large delegation of Buddhists from Japan came early to the Congress, in Japanese ecclesiastical robes. The Rev. Zitsuzen Ashitsu and Kinza Ringe Hirai, the latter of whom speaks fluent English, excite great interest wherever they go. The Rt. Rev. Reuchi Shibzata is a Shinto Bishop, and an eloquent and earnest exponent of Shintoism; while Pung Kwang Yu, the eminent Chinese diplomat accredited to the Government of the United States, has been received with applause, less, perhaps, as a disciple of Confucius than as the representative of a nation with whom our recent breach of faith is keenly felt, at least by the Christian sentiment of our Nation as represented and expressed from time to time in this Congress.

As links between these representatives of far-away historic and ancient religions, whose beginnings reach back to the dawn of the development of Aryan and Semitic nations, and Christianity, stand the earnest promoters of social reform in India, members of the Brahmo-Somaj, that wonderful movement whereof Phillips Brooks said that it was the most interesting of all movements outside the religion of Christ, inasmuch as it was the first movement of the heathen mind toward Christianity, a movement not induced by Christian influence from without, but, as it seemed, the direct working of the Spirit of God from within the oldest of the great race-religions of the earth toward a fuller knowledge of Himself. Mozoomdar, the author of that wonderful book "The Oriental Christ," has thrillingly told of the growth into theology, morality, and spirituality of the Brahmo-Somaj, the reverence, trust in God and man, and the progressive spirit of this new dispensation of the religions of the East. The Unitarians set forth a strong claim to fellowship with the Brahmo-Somaj, but there seems an essential difference between the working of the minds of the members toward the fuller light to be found in Jesus the Christ, and the theological position of our liberal religionists with regard to historical Christianity. The young man with Mozoomdar, the reformer of India, is Nagarka, and in his enthusiasm with regard to the abolition of child marriage and of caste, the treatment of child widows, and other abuses of India, he seems fitted to carry on the work of Babu Chaseb Chunder Sen and Mozoomdar.

It remains to allude to one other presentment of a great religion, namely, the explanation of the tenets of Mohammedanism given by Mohammed Alexander Webb, of New York City. Mr. Webb, as an American advocating the claims of Islam, did not stand before the Congress in as favorable a light nor so insure the sympathies of the audience as did any of the able men who stood up simply to tell what their race-religions had done for them and for the nations whose light they had been, and how, all along the line, their fathers had been feeling after God if haply they might find him. An American who had become a Mussulman and returned to convert Americans to Mohammedanism did not have at the start the sympathy of an American Christian audience; and his attempt to defend polygamy was received with hisses, the only distinct mark of disapprobation shown by the audience during the sessions thus far. But it must be allowed that Mr. Webb made a very fair showing for his faith, gave a glowing picture of the simple, fervent faith in God of a true follower of the Prophet, of the moral condition of society under his teachings, and the high degree of civilization the Moors had once attained. He also corrected many impressions which he claimed were false as to the warlike nature of the faith, its sensuality and degradation of women, claiming that it gave to woman a high position, and that such social vices as drunkenness and prostitution and marital infelicities were impossible in it. A notable figure and event of these early days of the Congress has been the Archbishop Dionysus Latus, of Zante, Greece, who, in his rich pontifical robes, attended by his archdeacons, delivered a superb historical address on the ancient Grecian influence over the world and the position of the Greek Church as the historical pioneer and Church of the fathers. The original Catholic Church of Christ it seemed historically to be by his showing; and as, at the close of his noble address, he bestowed its blessing upon the Congress, saying: "I embrace as my brothers in Jesus Christ, as my brothers in the divinely inspired Gospel, all men, for we have a common Creator and common Father—God—and a universal Saviour—Christ," and led the vast assembly in a prayer for blessings upon the united peoples of the world and the United States, it seemed as if the Parliament had received an apostolic benediction by the hand of this magnificent white-haired prelate, direct historical representative of the first Church of Christ.

It is not our purpose to distinguish the many men who have spoken here. Amid so many foreign religions pressing from without, the impulse is in no wise to accentuate lines of Christian division. Yet we must note a fine address by Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, because it bravely sounded a note of reunion along the lines of historic thought heretofore set forth by the American Episcopal Church. Other utterances have been as liberal—and have been wisely liberal—because in them the speakers have in no wise yielded the grounds of their own personal convictions. Before taking up certain bearings of subjects connected with this Parliament, which we must do in a later letter, let us note the general trend of subjects as they have been treated by speakers at the Congress. Up to this writing the subjects have been rather of a speculative and abstract order. The great idea of God—Theism—was treated by the Hindu, the Jew, the Buddhist, and the Christian; the correlative idea of human brotherhood, by the Greek, the Japanese, the Chinaman, the Roman Catholic, the Anglican, and men of other Protestant faiths; the essential connection of religion and humanity, by such men as Lyman Abbott, Edward Everett Hale, Joseph Cook, Cardinal Gibbons, Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, Prince Serge Wolkonsky, a Russian Prince, and the Rev. H. Peirira Mendes. The influence of comparative and dead religions was ably set forth in one session; while the Scriptures, Jewish and Hebrew, were upheld by Professor D. G. Lyon, the Rev. Chas. H. Briggs, D.D., the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Seton, Rabbi Gottheil, the Rev. Theodore Munger, Professor J. Estlin Carpenter, and others. The Historic Christ and the Incarnation were fruitful themes for many papers. The Relation of Philosophy to Religion, with Max Müller, Dr. Haweis, of London, and Professors Pratt, Dwight, and Landis as writers or speakers; and Christian Evangelization, with a paper on "Christianity Verified by Human Experience," from Professor Kosaki, of Japan, with an address by the Rev. B. F. Mills on "Christ the Saviour of the World," were notable features of the close of the first week's session.

This review of the external and internal aspects of the great

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Parliament of Religions is necessary to a full understanding of the objects and lessons which this great gathering together of the old and the new, the East and the West, aims to accomplish; and so far, at least, amid the material progress which so marvelously has stamped itself upon Chicago's great Exposition, the Parliament of Religions has, under its gorgeous Eastern robes and its sober Western black, asserted the supremacy of the spiritual nature of man and of the truth of his universal brotherhood, found in his universal sonship to God above all evidences of his mental and material achievements. The Parliament turns now to the discussion of the social problems which press so heavily upon the attention of the religious world.

The denominational congresses have, during the Parliament, met in smaller halls of the Institute buildings. While the main interest of the Congress has centered in Columbus Hall, where the Parliament of Religions for eight or nine hours daily listened to brilliant and forceful words from the acutest intellects and most magnetic speakers of the world, yet, as Mr. Bonney, the President of all the Congresses, has repeatedly said, the great success the World's Parliament has gained was possible only upon the basis of these denominational efforts. The Jewish Church Congress, the Lutheran, the Evangelical Lutheran, the Congregational, the Universalist, the Disciples of Christ, the New Jerusalem Church, the United Brethren, the Reformed Episcopal, the Presbyterian, the Unitarian, the Seventh-Day Baptist, and the Friends' Congresses have all taken place. The Roman Catholic Church held a successful and enthusiastic congress, with representations from all its great benevolent and spiritual societies, its Young Men's Guilds, its Young Women's Societies, and throughout the days of meeting it has kept an open court where all inquiries regarding its faith have been answered. Among the general societies that have held congresses subsidiary to the Parliament, perhaps the sessions of the Theosophical Society have created the greatest public interest, while the Free Religious Association, with Colonel Higginson as its leader, attracted special audiences, and the meetings of the Christian Scientists have been largely attended. The Evangelical Association of North America is holding its sessions as we go to press.

The Evangelical Alliance

We published last week the general programme of the Evangelical Alliance Conferences to be held in Chicago October 8–15. We give our readers below the principal features of the programme of Section Conferences, which will be quite as important as the general Conferences. These Section Conferences will constitute a school of instruction in practical and successful methods of Christian work. Instruction will be given by experts, who will not present theories, but speak out of their own experience in their special lines of work:

Evangelistic.—Christian Work in the Factory Town, the Rev. Percy S. Grant, rector of the Church of the Ascension, New York; Christian Work in the Lumber Camp, Mr. A. Terry, Chippewa Falls, Wis., and the Rev. W. G. Puddefoot; How to Reach the Non-Church-Going Element of Our Foreign Population, the Rev. E. A. Adams and Professor Jernberg, of Chicago, and others; How to Reach Non-Church-Going Workingmen, the Rev. W. S. Rainsford, D.D., New York, and Professor C. R. Henderson, D.D., University of Chicago: House-to-House Visitation, Mrs. Capron, Moody's Institute, Chicago; Athletics in Reaching Young Men, Professor Stagg, University of Chicago, and Professor Henry Drummond, Glasgow; Object Talks and Stereopticon Sermons, the Rev. C. H. Tyndall, New York City Mission; The Evening Congregation, the Rev. John C. Faville, Appleton, Wis.; Open-Air Services, the Rev. E. H. Byington, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Tent Work, Mr. F. Schiverea, Chicago; Denominational City Missions, the Rev. J. C. Armstrong, Chicago; Deaconesses, Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer, Chicago.

Reformatory.—The Churches and the Suppression of Vice, Mr. Anthony Comstock, New York; Organized Charities, the Rev. H. G. Hoadley, Waterbury, Conn.; Political Reforms, Professor John R. Commons, Indiana University; Tenement-House Reform, the Rev. W. T. Elsing, New York, and others; Criminal Administration, Major McClaughry, Chicago; Substitutes for the Saloon, Professor John R. Commons, Indiana University.

Educational.—The Churches and the Kindergarten; University Extension, Professor Nathaniel Butler, University of Chicago; Chautauqua Circles, Dr. W. A. Duncan, Chautauqua Assembly; Popular Lectures, Major James B. Pond, New York; Manual Training, Mr. E. W. Blatchford, Chicago.

Social.—The Churches and Neighborhood Guilds; Mothers' Unions, Mrs. Lucy S. Bainbridge, Superintendent of Woman's Branch of the New York City Mission; Domestic Circles, Miss Grace H. Dodge, New York; College Settlements—Men's, Mr. Robert A. Woods, Andover House, Boston; Women's, Miss Jane Addams, Hull House, Chicago; Working-Girls' Clubs, Miss Grace H. Dodge, New York; Boys' Clubs, the Rev. John C. Collins, New Haven, and the Rev. Howard S. Bliss, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Boys' Brigades, Professor Henry Drummond, Glasgow; Fresh-Air Funds, the Rev. Willard Parsons, New York; Outing Clubs, the Rev. William T. Elsing, New York City Mission, and the Rev. Howard S. Bliss, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Holiday Houses, Miss E. A. Buchanan, New York.

Economic.—The Churches and Labor Bureaus; New England Kitchens; Savings Banks and Provident Funds, the Rev. Howard S. Bliss, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Benevolent Pawnbroking.

Nonconformist Marriages

One of the anomalies connected with the Established Church of England is that all its clergymen and curates are officers of the State, while the ablest and most devoted Nonconformists have no such recognition. The brainless son of an Earl who has been put into the Church because his parents did not know what else to do with him, the State regards as one of its officials, while such lofty characters as Dr. Dale and Principal Fairbairn, and such brilliant preachers as Dr. McLaren and Robert Horton, are entirely ignored. This anomaly manifests itself when weddings are to be celebrated. A Church of England minister, being an officer of the State, may perform the ceremony without the presence of any other official, but Nonconformists have no power. Without the presence of a Registrar they are not allowed to perform the marriage ceremony. This injustice has long been recognized. Recently a select committee in Parliament finished its labors and reported to the House. It concluded that the compulsory attendance of a Registrar at Nonconformist marriages is neither necessary nor desirable for the purpose of securing accurate registration, but that, whatever change in the law may be made, every reasonable and necessary precaution should be taken to secure the accurate registration of the marriage immediately after its solemnization. The plan suggested by the committee is essentially the same as that in use in many of our own States, where the ministers are empowered to perform the service, but held responsible for making accurate returns to the State authorities. A very much better plan, we venture to believe, is that which requires all persons contemplating marriage to secure a license from the Government, thus putting upon the officers of the State the responsibility of determining whether they may be lawfully married, and leaving to the ministers of religion the duty of performing the religious ceremony. But whatever plan may be adopted, anything which recognizes the large and useful body of Dissenters as equally entitled to the privileges of the State will be a great step in advance. We regard this movement to secure for Nonconformists the privilege of celebrating marriage to be one more step towards the inevitable disestablishment of the Church, which, in the nature of things, cannot be very far in the future.

Gleanings

—The Christian Endeavor Convention of 1894 will be held in Cleveland, July 11 to 15. Twenty-five diplomas, it is said, will be awarded societies reporting the largest number of pledged proportionate systematic givers in their membership. Twenty-five more will go to the societies forming the largest number of societies during the year, and a banner will be given to the local union that gains the greatest number of societies during the year.

—An indication of the increasing effort toward good church music is the establishment in the Metropolitan College of Music (New York City) of courses in choir-conducting and lectures in the history of church music in Europe and America. Frequent discussion, both in the lecture-room and in the press, will be given by various members of its faculty to the needs of American church music, which, combined with their wide experience, should accomplish some definite results in a line of work upon which prevalent views are usually hazy and often conflicting.

—A canonry at Bristol, England, has been conferred on the Rev. Samuel Barnett, the vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, in London. Mr. Barnett and his wife have had much to do with philanthropic work in the Whitechapel districts, and the foundation of university settlements there. He was, if not the founder, at least the organizer and manager of Toynbee Hall and its colony, which now have many followers in East London and in several American cities. The University Extension scheme in England also owes much to Mr. Barnett's efforts.

—The annual Convention of Christians at Work, in the United States and Canada, will be held under the auspices of the International Christian Workers' Association this year in Atlanta, Ga., for seven days, November 9–15. These Conventions have now been held for seven years, and are interesting large numbers of earnest Christians throughout the country. Railroads in nearly all parts of the country have granted a reduced rate of a fare and a third, and Atlanta Christian people are preparing to welcome the delegates in their usual hospitable manner. The singing will be under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Stebbins, the well-known Gospel singers. Under the terms of the invitation, special delegates are appointed by churches, while any Christian can attend as general delegate with the privilege of reduced rates, and in some cases entertainment. Visits for Northern delegates to Washington and to Southern battle-fields, with special trains, have been arranged for.

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Books and Authors

Goethe's Maxims[1]

This volume presents for the first time in English the greater part of Goethe's brief, compact, and striking comments on life, art, nature, education, and man. Of these comprehensive summings up of meditation, knowledge, and insight there are more than a thousand, but of these Mr. Saunders thinks that not more than one hundred and fifty have so far found their way into our language. Even this collection is incomplete; but it is incomplete for reasons which make it probable that some of the maxims will never be translated. These omitted maxims are either unimportant, antiquated, purely personal, or of passing, or rather past, interest. The range of this collection is definitely indicated by the statement that out of six hundred and fifty-five maxims which appear in the "Ethisches" Mr. Saunders has omitted one hundred and twenty; out of one hundred and eighteen on Art, Sir Frederick Leighton, at Mr. Saunders's request, has selected thirty-five; and out of two hundred and eighty on Science, Professor Huxley has chosen seventy-six. The English reader has here, then, the mass of the great writer's meditations freed from those which, for one reason or another, are no longer of importance.

The writing of maxims belongs to age, as naturally as lyric expression belongs to youth; for maxims are the outgrowth of wide experience and large knowledge; they sum up, in a condensed form, the wisdom of a lifetime. It was Goethe's good fortune to live through all the productive periods of a man's life: to feel and express lyrically the flooding emotions and passionate impulses of youth; to give himself out dramatically through the wide and strenuous activities of maturity; and to gather up in philosophic form, in the fullness of years, the results of a career of almost unprecedented range and fertility. It is impossible to fix the date at which he began to record his observations in this form, but the publication of the maxims belongs to the last thirty years of his life, the greater number appearing after he had passed his seventieth birthday, while some were posthumous. They were his ripest reflections on life and art, and the mood out of which they grew is finely described in one of the latest of them: "In a tranquil mind thoughts rise up at the close of life hitherto unthinkable: like blessed inward voices alighting in glory on the summits of the past." Some of these maxims appeared in "Die Wahlverwandschaften;" some in the magazine founded in 1816, "Kunst und Alterthum;" some in "Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre," and the remainder posthumously in 1833 and in 1836.

Proverbs, maxims, and aphorisms are to be found in almost all languages, and constitute a kind of portable compendium of experience; for they are, as Mr. Saunders well says, "fragments of the wisdom of life, treasured up in short, pithy sentences that state or define some general truth of experience." These estrays—for they rarely betray their data or authorship—are often extremely weighty and incisive, though they are oftener framed in the interest of prudence than of faith and enthusiasm. In the case of Goethe, however, the attitude of the maker of the maxim was very different from that of the unknown coiner of those phrases which gather into a sentence the accumulated experience of generations. The great poet was not concerned with the prudential side of life, and had no ambition to set up sign-posts on the highway to make the journey of the multitude more comfortable. He had meditated many years on the nature and laws of mind and art; he was equipped with a scholarship of great range and catholicity; and he had observed men under many conditions. He had come, in his old age, into the possession of a great knowledge of life as it relates, not to man's material condition, but to his intellectual and spiritual fortunes; and it is this riper and deeper philosophy which is distilled into these pithy maxims. Insight rather than cautious observation is the source of this wisdom; and its end is not to protect men from the mishaps of the road, but to unfold the mystery of the world through which they journey and of the life in which they share. These maxims have, moreover, the weight of the very highest authority; for, in spite of obvious limitations, Goethe remains the greatest of modern minds. And he is not only the greatest of modern minds, but he addressed himself more definitely and steadfastly to the study of life, over a greater period of years, than any other modern man. From the beginning to the end of his long career he was concerned primarily, not with art, which is the expression and representation of life, but with life itself. He scanned a wide field, and he saw with a vision of marvelous depth and clearness. He sought continually the secret of the nature of things, and he studied with a kind of trained enthusiasm to discover how life and the world minister most deeply and permanently to man's development. His maxims are not, therefore, the proverbs of a cowardly prudence, which aims to keep a man from close or painful contact with life; they are, rather, those deep and beautiful discoveries of truth which lead a man into the very heart of creation. "What we call Discovery," he says, "is the serious exercise and activity of an original feeling for truth. It is a synthesis of world and mind, giving the most blessed assurance of the eternal harmony of things."

The depth, truth, and sanity of these maxims can be really felt only after close study; for it must be remembered that they are, in each instance, the final statements of long processes of thought. There is in this volume the material for a genuine education along those high lines pursued by a thinker of searching power and of the ripest and truest culture. A few maxims, taken at random, must suffice to indicate the quality of this selection, and to attract thoughtful readers to complete familiarity with it:

How can a man come to know himself? Never by thinking, but by doing. Try to do your duty, and you will know at once what you are worth.

Unqualified activity, of whatever kind, leads at last to bankruptcy.

You cannot play the flute by blowing alone: you must use your fingers.

It is not always needful for truth to take a definite shape; it is enough if it hovers about us like a spirit and produces harmony; if it is wafted through the air like the sound of a bell, grave and kindly.

Piety is not an end, but a means; a means of attaining the highest culture by the purest tranquillity of soul.

Against the great superiority of another there is no remedy but love.

When I cannot be moral my power is gone.

What is predestination? It is this: God is mightier and wiser than we are, and so he does with us as he pleases.

There are many thoughts that come only from general culture, like buds from green branches. When roses bloom, you see them blooming everywhere.

Hypnotism, or "Electro-Biology," has claimed much attention of late, but not yet is it understood. There has been a large amount of imposture in the cases which have been made public—some of it ignorant and unintentional. Dr. Ernest Hart has attracted the attention of the English world by his recent exposure of some of the remarkable cases described by the French physicians Charcot, Luys, Feré, and others. Dr. Hart claims that most of the curious phenomena are produced by the clever trickery of hysterical and other abnormally nervous persons. Morbid conditions of the nervous system are what really furnish the subjects for the experiments in hypnotism. "To produce these effects there is no cleverness wanted on the part of the hypnotizer, there is no special power resident in him; any one can hypnotize and every one can hypnotize, if he is patient enough, and either scientifically intelligent or ignorantly fanatic. The marvel is the person operated on." In fact, the claim of Dr. Hart is that hypnotism is entirely subjective; it needs no second person, no mesmerizer. This little book, *Hypnotism, Mesmerism, and the New Witchcraft*, will prove of wide interest to the reading public. It is furnished with twenty pictures relative to the matter, and it positively refutes

[1] *The Maxims and Reflections of Goethe.* Translated by Bailey Saunders. Macmillan & Co., New York. $1.25.

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all claims for the usefulness of hypnotism in surgery and medicine. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Mr. Arthur Lillie has brought to the making of his book, *The Influence of Buddhism on Primitive Christianity*, a fair stock of information, but a want of critical acumen. Conjectures he states for ascertained facts, and the deeper characteristics of the question with which he is dealing do not appear ever to have dawned on his mental horizon. Buddhism and Christianity are so fundamentally different that were there a thousand superficial likenesses it would remain certain that neither of them had ever been derived from the other. There are, no doubt, two branches of the Buddhist "church"—the theistic and the atheistic. Theosophists, self-called, have acquainted us with that fact; but neither does the "lesser chariot," which may be ante-Christian, contain any fundamental of the doctrine of Jesus, nor did the "greater chariot," which is certainly post-Christian, come early enough into existence to influence "primitive Christianity." It is just possible that some of the apocryphal Christian writings, some of the legends in the Bellandists' collection, and some of the Gnostic heresies may have owed less or more to the influence of Buddhism, but an acquaintance with the historic cults of the world forbids us going with Mr. Lillie any further. (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

The latest volumes of the University Extension Manuals are *Logic, Inductive and Deductive*, by William Minto, M.A., and *The Physiology of the Senses*, by John Gray McKendrick and William Snodgrass. Evidently Scotch scholars are the favorites with the conductors of the course. Professor Minto, of Aberdeen, has died since he wrote this extremely condensed statement of the science of logic and of the logic of science. A disciple of Alexander Bain, it is not surprising to find that the portion on the inductive method is clearer than the section on deduction. The other manual is a treatise on comparative physiology, in which the authors endeavor to avoid the Scylla of idealism and the Charybdis of materialism, with the result of inclining to a materialistic conclusion, after declaring that the question is unanswerable and that they are entirely agnostic touching the matter. This book is freely illustrated and is written in an intelligible manner. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

The origin of the alphabet and the history of writing are matters of general interest. When we are informed that the date of manuscripts of the Biblical writings is determined by the style of the letters, we become curious to learn how that is possible. *The Handbook of Greek and Latin Palæography*, by Edward Maunde Thompson, D.C.L., LL.D., F.S.A., etc., gives in a compendious form all the facts. It is a valuable outline of the science of deciphering ancient manuscripts and inscriptions of antiquity. To the student of literature this book will prove one of the most useful of the International Scientific Series, in which it belongs. The work treats not only of writing in all climes and times, but also of the various implements used in writing, the materials written upon, and the forms and fashions of books. It is copiously illustrated, and furnished with a good index and a bibliography. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Those who are interested in the present trend and prospective outcome of the "Neo-Christianity" of France will do well to read *Le Christianisme de l'Avenir, Pensées* par Frank Duperrut. (Fischbacher, Paris.) M. Duperrut is quite sanguine that upon the wreck of the Church will arise a new and purer religion, not embodied in organization, not stable by creeds, but cleansed of the superstition of a priesthood or professional ministry. Also, the new Christianity will lay aside all suppositions of a supernatural—*e. g.*, the miraculous—birth of Jesus. The composition of the book is in the form of reflections, but these are arranged in an order that evinces a regular progress. It is impossible to give any fuller account of the contents of this book except by giving the thoughts themselves, as the style is condensed. Suffice to say that it is full of suggestive, clever, and crude thoughts.

In *The Biblical Eschatology: Its Relation to the Current Presbyterian Standards and the Basal Principles that Must Underlie Revision, Etc.*, the Rev. Henry Theodore Cheever, D.D., strikes a mediating course between the theory of the annihilation of the wicked, the endless torment of sinners, and universal restoration of all souls to the favor and beatitude of God. He teaches the extinction of the existence, but not of the essence, of the soul. Those acquainted with the language of metaphysics will understand this, and all that it implies. The bubble on the surface of the infinite ocean bursts and falls back into the ocean. Other matters also are discussed in this volume in a bold fashion and an original, if sometimes eccentric, way. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.)

We have already called the attention of our readers to the *Psalms by Four Friends*. A new edition of the work has been issued by the Macmillans, of this city, in the popular Golden Treasury Series. The translation will be found literal and illuminating, and the chronological arrangement, in which the authors follow Ewald, throws light upon the meaning of the Psalms to an extent that it is perfectly perceptible to the general reader. The notes and introduction are interesting and judiciously conceived. The many editions through which this book has passed prove its popularity.

Literary Notes

—Captain A. T. Mahan has taken up the life of Nelson as a special study. He is said already to have completed a biography of England's hero.

—An exceedingly pretty small edition of Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation of Christ," with several illustrations, has just been published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., of this city (75 cents).

—Mr. Eyre Crowe, who accompanied Thackeray on his visit to this country forty years ago, made many sketches of men and scenes during the tour, and with 121 of them as selections from the whole number, with an account of the visit added, Mr. Crowe has made a book which Charles Scribner's Sons will publish this season with the title "With Thackeray in America."

—Mrs. Caroline H. Dall, in a recent letter correcting some mistaken impressions about the origin of Longfellow's "Evangeline," gives the poet's statement, made to her in answer to an inquiry, as follows: "Some time before I wrote 'Evangeline,' Hawthorne and Sumner were dining with me, and I think there must have been others present. After dinner Hawthorne told us that he had lately become interested in the exile of the Acadians. It excited his imagination. He fancied two lovers widely separated and wandering for years, meeting only to die, and wished to make a novel of it. He, however, thought the subject too difficult, and fancied he should have to give it up. I waited awhile, heard nothing more about the novel, and finally asked Hawthorne if he were willing that I should make the story the subject of a poem. He gladly consented, and was one of the first to congratulate me on its popularity."

Books Received

C. W. BARDEEN, SYRACUSE

Kay, David. Education and Educators. $1.50.
Sanford, Henry R. The Limited Speller. 35 cts.
Monroe, Will S. The Educational Labors of Henry Barnard. 50 cts.
Rein, Professor W. Outlines of Pedagogics. Translated by C. C. and Ida J. van Liew. $1.25.

ROBERT CLARKE & CO., CINCINNATI

Osborne, Grover P. Principles of Economics. $2.

CONGREGATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL & PUBLISHING SOCIETY, BOSTON

Fairfax, Mildred. At Mount Desert. $1.50.
Newberry, Fannie E. Comrades. $1.25.

T. Y. CROWELL & CO., NEW YORK

Miller, the Rev. J. R. Glimpses Through Life's Windows. Selections from His Writings. Arranged by Evalena I. Fryer. 75 cts.
A Kempis, Thomas. The Imitation of Christ. 75 cts.
Herron, George D. The New Redemption. 75 cts.

THE DOOR OF HOPE, NEW YORK

Whittemore, Mrs. E. M. Delia; Formerly the Blue-Bird of Mulberry Bend.

FUNK & WAGNALLS CO., NEW YORK

Barrows, John Henry. Henry Ward Beecher.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Genung, John F. Outlines of Rhetoric. $1.10.

D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON

Orndorff, W. R. A Laboratory Manual. 40 cts.
Lange, Dr. Karl. Apperception: A Monograph on Psychology and Pedagogy. Edited by Charles De Garmo. $1.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON

Adams, Herbert B. The Life and Writings of Jared Sparks. 2 Vols. $5.

HUNT & EATON, NEW YORK

Rouse, Lydia L. Only Judith. 85 cts.
Strong, James. The Student's Commentary: Ecclesiastes. $2.

THE LITTLE-BOOK PUBLISHING CO., BOSTON

Gordon, James L. I, Myself. $1.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK

Anstey, F. The Man from Blankley's, and Other Sketches. $1.75.
Oxenden, Ashton, D.D. Plain Sermons. $1.50.
Sand, George. Episode from François le Champi. 40 cts.
Walford, L. B. The One Good Guest. 50 cts.

D. LOTHROP CO., BOSTON

French, Henry W. Oscar Peterson, Ranchman and Ranger. $1.50.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK

Smith, Goldwin. Bay Leaves. $1.25.
Winter, William. Shakespeare's England. $2.
Brontë, Works of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne. Wuthering Heights. Agnes Grey. 2 Vols. $2.
Pepys, Samuel. Diary. Edited by Henry B. Wheatley. Vol. II. $1.50.
Shakespeare, William, The Works of. Edited by William Aldis Wright. Vol. IX. $3.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK

Orpen, Adela E. The Chronicles of the Sid. $2.
Breed, Rev. David R. A History of the Preparation of the World for Christ. $2.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Henty, G. A. A Jacobite Exile. $1.50.
Henty, G. A. St. Bartholomew's Eve. $1.50.
Henty, G. A. Through the Sikh War. $1.50.
Crowe, Eyre. With Thackeray in America. $2.
Lang, Andrew. Letters to Dead Authors. $1.25.
Stevenson, Robert Louis. Virginibus Puerisque and Other Papers. $1.25.

SIGMA PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO

Snider, Denton J. Dante's Inferno. $2.

STANDARD PUBLISHING CO., CINCINNATI

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UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY, BOSTON

Allen, Charles A. Lessons in Religion.

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With Our Readers

I.—Correspondence

A Pertinent Question

To the Editors of The Outlook:

As the time for the meeting of the American Board draws near, many of us who belong to the Congregational Church are beginning to ask if it is not time that the question were definitely settled whether the Board is to stand for and represent the Congregational churches, or whether it is to go on as an independent organization, no more Congregational than Baptist or Methodist. So far as I can learn, the standard for missionaries in the Presbyterian and Baptist Churches is the same as that for the ministers at home. This, of course, is the way it should be, and the Presbyterian Board represents the Presbyterian churches. Now, if the American Board is to represent the Congregational churches, its missionaries should be made to sign the articles of faith held in common by these churches, and nothing more should be demanded of them. So soon as something more *is* demanded, the Board ceases to be representative of the churches. It seems to me and others that it is time that this question was put point blank to the Board and settled: "Is the American Board to represent the Congregational churches?" The principal thing I want to say in this letter is, that if the Board is *not*, then it is time that we had a society that should represent us, such as other denominations have. There should be a set of articles agreed upon in common by all the churches, which set of articles should be the standard of missionary service for the Congregational Church. I think that nearly all the churches would consider the "Burial Hill Declaration of Faith," or the Creed of the Congregational Commission of 1883, as a sufficient test for missionaries, as they now do for home ministers; but if not, let the churches get together and make a new one. Only have *something* that shall be representative of the churches. The present Board requires more than the commonly held articles of faith of the churches. So it represents parties and not the Congregational churches. Is it not time we had a Congregational Foreign Missionary Society?

FREDERICK LYNCH.

Peace Dale, R. I., September 23, 1893.

Some Modern Martyrs

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Wandering the past summer among my former Seventh-Day Baptist associates and, I trust, still friends, I was impressed with the thought that martyrs for conscience' sake can still be found.

To illustrate: In many a Seventh-Day Baptist church the minister, often a college-bred man with cultivated tastes, is buried in the country or a country village, with a salary ranging from $150 to $400 per annum. All the limitations of narrow surroundings, small salary, the most pinching economy, and isolation from the great work of the world, are cheerfully borne "for the truth's sake," just as once men suffered burning at the stake cheerfully for the same reason.

Many of the teachers in Seventh-Day Baptist schools suffer even more, living on the most meager salaries, torn with anxiety and care in order to hold together what they have gained and to build up the schools in some proportion to the growing demands of modern education. They have been wearing the martyr's crown for years, and the end of their sacrifices is still far in the distance.

Young men ambitious for business or legal careers frequently sacrifice their most cherished hopes because they cannot hope to rise in their lines of work and lose every Saturday.

Another class of martyrs by no means small is that of lovers who have discovered too late that one cannot afford to "keep Saturday" and the other cannot "keep Sunday," and the necessity of a united family has at last dawned upon them, and a painful separation comes.

While these and other classes are sacrificing their dearest ambitions, their loves, and their comfort, they have the unspeakable pain of seeing their friends and associates, their brothers and sisters, often their sons and daughters, deserting the cause they so love, abandoning, as it seems to them, the very cause of God himself.

Through these desertions their numbers increase very little or not at all, and they must have another martyrdom, it seems to me, in a sense of failure, of struggle and sacrifice without results.

While we honor all who sacrifice for conscience' sake, the one fact that I care to notice in Seventh-Day Baptist martyrs—for others, too, are sacrificing for truth's sake—is that they are bearing all things for the sake of a mere form, a mere husk.

The day of the Sabbath is merely the vessel which contains the Sabbatic institution with all its benefits. While there was, doubtless, no sufficient reason for turning the Sabbath out of one day into another, it has been done, and there is no sufficient reason for pouring it back; and these dear friends are laboring and sacrificing, not for the Sabbath, nor for obedience, but for the mere husk that once contained the Sabbath. Were they to succeed, and this very week all the world should begin to keep Saturday, no practical Sabbath question now before the country would be settled. How shall the Sabbath be kept? Shall we open the World's Fair, libraries, museums, art galleries, on the Sabbath? And the many other questions now discussed would be no more settled than they are to-day.

There are questions enough of vital importance demanding sacrificial lives without needless, meaningless martyrdoms; there are divisions enough in the Christian world without artificial ones. Dear Seventh-Day Baptists, follow the tide of your own young people, and leave your artificial issue to become a part of the history of strange freaks of human thought and conscience.

W. F. PLACE.

II.—Notes and Queries

Can you quote anything from Mr. Cleveland (written or spoken since he was first President) that can be construed as favoring silver coinage in any quantity? Silver was, by a trick, demonetized in 1873, and an outraged people forced both parties to restore it, in part at least, in 1878. Mr. Cleveland demanded its unconditional repeal during his first term as President, as he now demands the repeal of the Sherman Law. Is there not good reason to suppose that he is a gold monometallist? I have been a lifelong Democrat, but, as Mr. Vest says, "we have come to the parting of the ways." FARMER.

We judge that Mr. Cleveland is a gold monometallist. We approve the unconditional repeal of the Sherman Act, partly because it is destroying that public confidence which is essential to national prosperity, partly because it stands directly in the way of the establishment of any true bimetallism, partly because the Democratic party has pledged itself to repeal this act, and is bound in honor to fulfill its pledge without conditions or bargains.

Please recommend a book that shows all the different trade-marks of porcelain and china makers, and another in which, knowing the name, I could find out the characteristics and history of each.

E. C. L.

The best books are: "Marks and Monograms on European and Oriental Pottery and Porcelain, with Historical Notices of each Manufactory," by William Chaffers; octavo, 918 pages (Reeves & Turner, 196 Strand, London); "A Small Manual of Pottery and Porcelain Marks," by W. H. Hooper and W. C. Phillips (Macmillan & Co., New York, $1.50). A valuable book on the general subject, though not dealing with marks, is "The Ceramic Art," by Jennie J. Young (Harper & Brothers, New York).

In Luke vii. we find a description of our Saviour eating at the house of Simon the Pharisee, and in the conversation that followed our Saviour speaks as follows: "I entered into thy house: thou gavest me no water for my feet, . . . thou gavest me no kiss," etc. Was it customary among the Jews to wash the guest's feet and also give him a kiss of welcome?

H. M. M.

Water for the feet (Gen. xviii., 4; Judges xix., 21), the kiss of peace (Gen. xlv., 15; Exod. xviii., 7), and anointing the head with oil (Ps. xxiii., 5) were marks of attention ordinarily paid in the East.

In Notes and Queries for September 2, a correspondent asks what is the number of paragraphs, words, and sentences in Old and New Testaments of King James's version. The inclosed, as a whole or in part, is placed at your disposal for his gratification.

J. M. F.

BIBLE STATISTICS

In Old Testament—Books, 39; chapters, 929 verses, 23,241; words, 592,430; letters, 2,728,100.

In New Testament—Books, 27; chapters, 260; verses, 7,959; words, 181,253; letters, 838,380.

The Apocrypha has—chapters, 183; verses, 7,081; words, 152,185.

The middle chapter and shortest in the Bible is Psalm cv.

The middle verse is the 8th of Psalm cviii.

The word "and" occurs in the Old Testament 35,543 times. The word "Jehovah" occurs 6,865 times. The word "and" occurs in the New Testament 10,604 times.

The middle book of the Old Testament is Proverbs.

The middle chapter of the Old Testament is Job xxix.

The middle verse of the Old Testament is 2 Chronicles xxii., 17.

The shortest verse of the Old Testament is 1 Chronicles i., 25.

The longest verse of the Old Testament is Esther viii., 9.

The middle book of the New Testament is Thessalonians.

The middle chapters of the New Testament are Romans xiii. and xiv.

The middle verse of the New Testament is Acts xvii., 17.

The shortest verse in the New Testament is John xi., 35.

Verse 21 of chapter vii. of Ezra has all the letters of the alphabet except "j."

Chapter xix. of 2 Kings and chapter xxxvii. of Isaiah are alike.

"M. N. P." asks in The Outlook for September 2 where the poem of the Monk of Afflighem can be found. Dean Trench has it in his "Poems," and Longfellow tells it in "Golden Legend." "The Aryan Mythology," by Cox; "Curious Myths," by Baring-Gould, and "Northern Mythology," by Thorpe, give much that is interesting on similar legends.

G. J. H.

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Nearing Perfection

In the growth and perfection of appliances which make railway traveling luxurious and comfortable, the people of the United States have noted with much pride the progress that has been made in recent years. We have been for many years much better off in this regard than have the people of Europe. In the old countries the tracks have been so much more solidly and substantially built that until recently we have been behind Europe in the speed at which trains could be moved over the rails. This state of affairs has, however, been remedied. The great four-track New York Central and Hudson River Railroad has been patiently spending enormous sums of money upon the improvement of its road-bed, till to-day, with steel rails of massive size and weight, bridges and culverts of steel and solid masonry, block signals, and tracts ballasted with broken stone, it can challenge any country in the world to compete with it. In point of fact, the traveler in America to-day, going west from New York via the New York Central, has his choice of Five Great Limited Trains, on each of which he may enjoy all the luxuries of a palatial home or a completely equipped business office, and be whirled over the country at a rate of speed uniformly higher than is known anywhere else in the world, while at the same time he can keep thoroughly informed as to the state of the market and on all essential matters pertaining to his business. Truly we are a luxurious people!

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Aug. 22, Sept. 12, & Oct. 10, 1893,
VIA
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Want advertisements of thirty words or less will be published under this heading at one dollar a week. Four cents a week is charged for each word in excess of thirty.

A PRIVATE FAMILY owning their house in choice neighborhood up-town—West Side, southern exposure—would rent second floor with bath, furnished or unfurnished, with or without board. References exchanged. Address M. S., No. 5,221, care The Outlook.

OWING TO THE FINANCIAL DEPRESSION, a desirable school in Connecticut has a few vacancies which may be filled at reduced rates. Personal interview if desired. Application must be made before October 1st. Apply to No. 5,206, care The Outlook.

THE OLD OAK HOMESTEAD has been sufficiently enlarged to admit of three more young girls in the family school of Mrs. James C. Beecher. Eleventh year. Composition and music specially well taught. For circulars address Coscob in Greenwich, Conn.

A YOUNG LADY, holding Honor certificate from Toronto University, desires position as secretary to literary lady or to one engaged largely in benevolent work. Highest testimonials. Address No. 5,210, care Outlook.

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WANTED IMMEDIATELY, by a refined young woman, a position as housekeeper in some pleasant country town; private house or school. Best references. Address No. 5,213, care The Outlook Co.

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A LADY with experience desires position as housekeeper or care-taker. Address Miss T., 31 East 36th St., New York City.

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Physicians with 35 years' experience.
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TO ARCHITECTS, BUILDERS, OWNERS, AND OCCUPANTS OF HOUSES

Since the completion of *five* of the six sides of every room, hall, and closet consists of plaster, there is nothing in the economy of building upon which so much depends for neatness, elegance, and durability as perfect walls and ceilings. Yet, until the production of King's Windsor Asbestos Cement Dry Mortar (and that, too, at a price not exceeding the cost of fair common wall plaster), this feature in the art of building had not kept pace with other building improvements.

EXPLANATION RELATING TO OUR DRY MORTAR

Within the past three or four years we have made and sold about a million and a half barrels of our wall material known as KING'S WINDSOR ASBESTOS CEMENT, with which masons have mixed their *own* sand; but, finding that in some instances they have disregarded our directions as to the *amount* and *quality* of sand to be used with it, and not being thus able to guarantee results without having control of the *quantity* and *quality* of this essential ingredient, we have, therefore, recently established in connection with our Mills an extensive SAND PLANT, and now incorporate with our famous cement not only a *suitable quality* but *correct quantity* of the best selected, silicious, sharp bank sand, being itself first systematically treated—that is, thoroughly *screened*, *washed*, and *kiln-dried*—thus providing a *reliable* and *perfect* wall material, ready for use, except the addition of water by the plasterer—and this is our WINDSOR ASBESTOS CEMENT DRY MORTAR.

ASSURANCE OF PERFECT WALLS AND CEILINGS

By this method, together with accurately proportioning all the ingredients (by automatic weighing of the same), we are now fully enabled to control the *proportion*, *quantity*, and *quality*, and *homogeneous incorporation* of *all* the materials, and thereby to guarantee perfect Walls and Ceilings.

HOW COMMON PLASTER IS MADE

The Indispensable Requisites in the Production of Wall Plaster, of whatever nature, are: 1st, suitable *quality* and *preparation* of the materials, especially the *sand*; 2d, proper *proportions* of the ingredients; and 3d, thorough and homogeneous *mixing* of the same. Neither of these requisites are or can be strictly or approximately complied with in making wall plaster by the usual means. The sand is seldom well selected, is never treated (that is, properly screened, washed, and dried): the materials are proportioned by guess, without pretension to the least accuracy, and never but partially incorporated or mixed—to do either of which by *hand labor* would be too expensive, and absolutely impossible on or at the premises where the plaster is to be used. Nothing short of an extensive plant and steam power renders it possible to produce properly made Wall Plaster, and this is why we can produce a superbly superior material for even less than a poorer article.

RELATIVE COST OF OUR CEMENT AND COMMON PLASTER

Though our material is infinitely superior to any wall plaster made of lime, hair, and sand, or other ingredients, our method of production enables us to more than compete with the cost of a fair quality of common (or any other) wall plaster, as will appear. The materials and labor for lathing, cornices, center-pieces, and finishing coat, and the labor for applying the plaster that constitutes the scratch and brown coats of given thickness, will cost the same whatever be the kind of plaster used for the *scratch* and *brown* coats; therefore, the relative cost of our Windsor Cement Dry Mortar and Common Plaster is narrowed down to the *comparative cost of common plaster (for scratch and brown coats) stacked, wet up, and tempered, ready for the hod; and the cost of our Windsor Cement Dry Mortar, delivered, also ready to wet up.* For comparison we will take Col. Gilmore's Formula for common plaster, which is employed for Government work and cited in Form Books as *standard:* Lime, 4 casks, at $1.10; Hair, 4 bushels, at 25 cents; Sand, 7 loads, at 75 cents; labor for mixing, stacking, and tempering, $3.75—amounting to $14.15 for 100 square yards, or 14 15/100 cents per square yard. Our material delivered at the building, at our price, $6.70 per ton (after deducting rebate for bags returned), for 62½ sq. yds. is 10 72/100 cts. per sq. yd.—showing a difference in favor of our material of 3 43/100 cts. per sq. yd. This comparison refers to ¾-inch ground work on wood lath, and holds good on all other lathing, brick walls, etc.

ADVANTAGES IN FAVOR OF WINDSOR CEMENT DRY MORTAR OVER COMMON HAND-MADE PLASTER

Though so far superior to all other wall plasters, it costs no more than common plaster, and, therefore, can be universally afforded and for all classes of buildings. It is three times stronger—three times harder—free from acid or any other corrosive or otherwise injurious chemicals. The water with which it is wet up is largely taken up by the set, and does not, therefore, evaporate, and so *saturate* the wood-work of the structure. It adheres stronger to brick, all kinds of lath and other building materials—is more easily applied—saves time, as the carpenters can almost immediately follow the plasterers—is not injured by frost after it has once set. As it is wet-up *within* the structure, the plasterers are not delayed by storms or freezing temperature. It can be used and finished in any way that ordinary plaster can—registers, thimbles, etc., can be cut in without extended injury—nails can be driven into it without blemish. It relieves Architects and Owners of apprehension and anxiety attendant upon the uncertainty of securing good walls and ceilings by the use of hand-made and half-made lime-and-hair plaster. It is particularly adapted for setting tiles, slabs, floor brick, topping off chimneys, and the like—can be applied without special skill and by any plasterer. Walls and Ceilings made of our Cement are stronger, harder, tougher, more tenacious and elastic—will not pit, chip, crack, or fall off—are less porous and therefore less absorptive of water, moisture, and germs of disease, hence more wholesome and sanatory and less expensive to paint—are free from filthy tropical cattle hair, asbestos being used for fiber. They are fire, water, vermin, and germ proof—being harder, are not easily defaced—being smoother, are more agreeable to touch and vision—being water-proof, can be cleaned by washing—and they obviate heavy cost of repairs.

Because of the superior strength, adhesion, tenacity, and elasticity of our Windsor Cement, it is applicable to factories, printing-houses, etc., on which common plaster would not stand the jar.

Send for complete treatise on the subject of "NEEDED IMPROVEMENT IN PLASTER FOR WALLS AND CEILINGS."

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A Century of Girlish Dialect

The letters of the excellent Miss Helena Wells, written in 1794, "on Subjects of Importance to the Happiness of Young Females," have long passed into the dusty regions of ancient libraries; but when she added, from her long experience as a governess, "a few practical Lessons on the Improprieties of Language and Errors of Pronunciation, which frequently occur in common Conversation," she touched upon a subject of perennial interest, still green after a hundred years.

In looking over her lists of vulgar errors it is curious to find that the very peculiarities we now associate with Mr. Samuel Weller are among those from which it was necessary to wean young ladies of good family in London a century ago. Their teacher warns them not to say "weal" and "winegar," "vill" and "vindor" and "vitch." She begs them on no account to be heard saying "ill-conwenient," "howsever," "hisself," "affeard," or "attackted." She warns them against "nothink" and "handkercher" and "Lunnon." Other inelegancies, still heard freely in high circles in England, and sometimes also in America, were the object of solicitude to this good lady in 1794. The omission of the final *g* and of the preliminary *h*, the use of "wile" and "weat" and "beold" for "while" and "wheat" and "behold"—on these Anglicisms the governesses of a century have, it would seem, labored in vain. Other peculiarities, then visible or audible, seem now to have disappeared. Does any one now say "nymph" and "triumph," of which she also complains? In some cases she simply records a swing of the pendulum which has since vibrated the other way. She bids them, for instance, say "obleege" for "oblige." Now this was the genteel pronunciation of the time, as we know, for instance, by Goldsmith's famous couplet:

> Dreading e'en fools; by flatterers besieged;
> And so obliging that he ne'er obliged.

Webster and Choate said "obleeged," but we do not now hear it. Miss Wells also affords an instance of the final exit of a very obvious pronunciation based on etymology, but now quite lost. She tells her pupils that they must not say "pinafore" but "pinbefore." The reason is plain: "afore" was a vulgarism. But in this, as in many other cases, the vulgarism has got the upper hand, and euphony is stronger than etymology. Fancy an opera of *Pinbefore!*—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Human Family

The human family living on earth to-day consists of about 1,450,000,000 souls—not fewer, probably more. These are distributed literally all over the earth's surface, there being no considerable spot on the globe where man has not found a foothold. In Asia, the so-called "cradle of the human race," there are now about 800,000,000 people, densely crowded, on an average of about 120 to every square mile. In Europe there are 320,000,000, averaging 100 to the square mile—not so crowded as Asia, but everywhere dense, and in many places overpopulated. In Africa there are, approximately, 210,000,000, and in the Americas—North, South, and Central—110,000,000, these latter, of course, relatively thinly scattered over broad areas. On the islands, large and small, there are probably 10,000,000 more. The extremes of the blacks and the whites are as 5 to 3, the remaining 700,000,000 intermediate, brown, yellow, and tawny in color. Of the entire race, 500,000,000 are well clothed—that is, they wear garments of some kind that will cover nakedness—250,000,000 habitually go naked, and 700,000,000 only cover the middle parts of the body; 500,000,000 live in houses, 700,000,000 in huts and caves, the remaining 250,000,000 virtually having no place to lay their heads.

Crying Babies

Some people do not love them. They should use the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, a perfect infant food. A million American babies have been raised to man and womanhood on the Eagle Brand. Grocers and Druggists.

EDUCATIONAL

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New York City

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Established 1855. **3 East 14th Street, N. Y.**

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713, 715, 717 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.
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WITH KINDERGARTEN. Reopens Oct. 5th.
Miss S. LE B. DRUMM, Music Hall, 57th St. & Seventh Ave

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Mrs. SARAH H. EMERSON, Principal. A few boarding pupils taken. Reopens Oct. 4.

THE MISSES GRAHAM (successors to the Misses Green) will reopen their boarding and day school for girls, October 4, at the new location, 176 West 72d St., cor. Amsterdam Ave., Sherman Square, N. Y.
Miss GRAHAM at home after July 1.

THE MISSES GRINNELL'S Day School for Girls, 22 East 54th St., reopens Oct. 5. Primary, Academic and Collegiate depts. Special courses. Kindergarten, Oct. 10. Fourteenth year.

Mrs. Hazen's School for Girls
Pelham Manor, New York. Combined advantages of City and Country. Large, additional buildings. New equipment. Special students admitted. Reopens Sept. 28.

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18, 20, 22, 24 West 44th St., N. Y.
Autumn half, fourteenth year, begins on Monday, Oct. 2. The new building will be open for inspection on and after September 15th, and the Head Master or Registrar will be at the building daily to meet parents.
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233 Lenox Ave., N. Y.—Primary, Academic, and Collegiate Departments. Certificate admits to Wells, Smith, or Wellesley College. Rev. ALFRED C. ROE, Prin.

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6 West 48th St., N. Y. City. Primary, Academic, and College Preparatory Courses. Special students admitted. No more than eight pupils constitute any class.

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The Misses Smuller's Boarding and Day School
For Girls. Primary, Academic, and Advanced Classes. Special rates to daughters of Clergymen. Reopens Oct. 2d.

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Day School for Girls
will reopen October 5, at its new, specially constructed fire-proof building,
160 AND 162 WEST 74th ST., N. Y.

Connecticut

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Special emphasis is given to English Language, Literature, and Composition; Modern Languages; Natural Science; Art and the History of Art; General History; American Political History; Physical and Vocal Culture, and Music.
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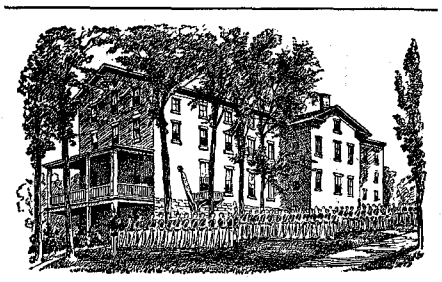
New York

AUBURN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

The term opens Sept. 20, 1893. On the afternoon of Oct. 10, the Rev. Henry M. Booth, D.D., is to be inaugurated President of the Seminary. The services will be conducted by the Rev. Henry U. Swinnerton, Ph.D., President of the Board of Commissioners, assisted by the Rev. Levi Parsons, D.D., President of the Board of Trustees. There will be a charge by the Rev. Anson J. Upson, D.D., LL.D., Chancellor of the University of the State of New York, and an inaugural address by President Booth.



AURORA, N. Y.

Cayuga Lake Military Academy

Fall term begins Sept. 13, 1893. For illustrated circular address
Col. C. J. WRIGHT, B.S., A.M., } Principals.
or ALFRED K. MCALPINE, A.M., }

New York

SCHOOL FOR YOUNG CHILDREN—The Fall Term of Miss Halliday's School, cor. Orange and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn, N. Y., will commence Monday, October 4th.

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Stenography and Typewriting
SHORTHAND IN THREE MONTHS
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Affords finest advantages for culture and social training, with thorough preparation for the best Colleges. Sanitation perfect. 33d year. For illustrated catalogue address
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Miss S. A. HUNTTING, Principal.

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DE VEAUX
Niagara Falls, N. Y. A thorough and progressive school under the Military system. Well equipped. Well endowed. Excellent sanitation. Extensive and beautiful grounds. Seven resident instructors. Only desirable boys are taken. REGINALD HEBER COE, Principal.

SEMINARY. Special offer to boy, girl, or student who sends stamp and names Outlook. Not run for profit. Tuition free. 88th yr. $50,000 bldg. Opportunity surprises you. No one need lack education. No. Granvil, N. Y.

Nyack-on-the-Hudson ### HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Eleventh year begins Sept. 27. College preparation. Bright Hall for young pupils. French resident teacher.
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TEMPLE GROVE LADIES' SEMINARY, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.—Superior facilities for the higher Sciences, Philosophy, Languages, Music, Painting, æsthetic and social culture. 30th year begins Sept. 20. Address CHAS. F. DOWD, Ph.D., Pres.

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Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa. *Boarding and Day School for Girls. 37th year opens Sept. 27.* Academical and college preparatory courses. For circular address
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About People

—The Empress Frederick is the owner of a necklace, composed of thirty-two pearls, which is worth $250,000.

—A design for the memorial to be erected in Boston to John Boyle O'Reilly has been accepted by the committee in charge of that undertaking. D. C. French is the author of the successful design, and the contract has been awarded to him.

—Barney Barnoto is the richest man in South Africa. Only a few years ago he was a dealer in second-hand clothing in London. His wealth is estimated at $100,000,000, and he is part owner in every railroad, mine, tramway, and big building enterprise in Cape Colony.

—Lieutenant Peary is about the only living American, says the Minneapolis "Tribune," who has escaped the financial stringency. He is sure of his job for two years, and possibly longer. He has gone where money is not needed, and is supplied with clothing and provisions for a long siege. He may be pinched before he gets back—between two ice-floes—but otherwise he will get along swimmingly.

—A traveler recently told a friend of The Outlook the following interesting anecdotes of Herbert Spencer, the great philosopher: "It seems he is a special friend of Grant Allen, the literary man, to whose home he recently went as a guest, but, being in fragile health, Herbert Spencer said that he could not endure the noise of many persons talking together; so he begged to have his meals in the room adjoining the dining-room, and yet his social instinct prompted him to ask that the door be left open between. [It should be said that Mr. Spencer has invented a pair of iron clappers which he shuts over his ears when the sounds of life become oppressive.] As the family were talking and laughing at the table in the dining-room, Mr. Spencer could not endure the strain, and, calling out to them to that effect, he said that they 'were too hilarious.' The next day they subdued their voices to the lowest pitch, and he complained that they 'were not company enough.' They then went out to drive, and the talk became so lively that, with a snap, he drew his iron ear-caps to their places and sank back well-nigh exhausted." Mr. Spencer has a great mind, but his life of laborious mental activity must have caused him often, at least in later years, to say. "Here in the body pent," as many another worker in other fields has done.

Financial

There is a plethora of call money which has fixed the loaning rates in the call money market at 2½ to 3 per cent., with the bulk of business doing at the lower rate. Time money is not plentiful, but, on the other hand, the security market demand is reduced to a minimum. Stock-brokers are borrowing but a very small percentage of funds compared with their needs a year ago. The long stringency in time money, and the frightful shrinkage in values which has taken place in the twelve months past, have weeded out and reduced down to a very low condition the borrowing demands from stock exchange houses. Most brokers have given up carrying regular lines of stocks until the times are more assured.

The feature of foreign exchange is again becoming prominent, and the advance in sterling bill rates during the last week, in the face of large merchandise exports, and notwithstanding the reduction to 3½ per cent. of the Bank of England discount rate, points unmistakably to a renewal of the uneasy feeling of distrust on the part of foreign bankers and capitalists in regard to the outcome of pending legislation. The foreigners were the first to take alarm, three years ago, at our currency situation. They will be the first to sound warning again if the Repeal Bill slips up in Washington; and this stiffening of exchange is the premonitory system of their uneasiness. They have begun to sell stocks and bonds in a small way already, under the pressure of renewed apprehension; and unless a change is soon reported in the prospects of repeal, the volume of sales will surely increase.

In the mercantile community collections from consumers, and consequently from retailers, over the country are complained of as being very slow, and this throws jobbers and commission houses on the banks for renewals, so that the banks will have to carry over much of the paper that is, and will be, falling due during the autumn months; fortunately, the banks are getting very strong in currency, owing to the additional bank circulation and to the recent imports of gold, but a return movement of gold, if it should begin, would counteract on this condition, and, therefore, is much dreaded by the banks, and by everybody at all interested in financiering. If it comes, it will be very likely to neutralize much of the promised return of better conditions, and throw the country back into a worse condition than the first.

The reopening of manufactories and mills has come to a partial halt, and wherever they are restarting machinery it is with a much reduced force.

There is an utter stagnation in the Stock Exchange, indeed an entire absence of business, excepting that in the bond market and industrial stocks a renewal of liquidation is perceptible, while the Granger stocks are kept from receding because of the large cereal movement to Western centers and to the seaboard, which is causing an improvement over previous weeks in the earnings of roads doing this and the Exposition business; but all the roads, nearly, are much below last year in gross receipts, though, owing to cutting down expenses, the net figures may show up better; but for August the aggregate of the great proportion of railway mileage exhibits a total loss of some 14 per cent. and over, in the gross.

The banks have canceled some $3,000,000 more of Clearing-House certificates during the week, and the amount outstanding is now reduced to about $31,000,000.

Prices of shares in the market, as we have intimated, are irregular, but, on the whole, are fairly maintained, with no great pressure and really no outside demand; a buying or selling movement in the future depends on the outcome at Washington; indeed, as a great financial fact, the whole fabric of credit now hinges on such outcome. We speak of it because it is the supreme factor, and it is essential that readers hitherto interested in finance should know it.

The bank statement is as follows:

Loans, decrease	$735,200
Specie, increase	5,205,500
Legal tender, increase	3,471,100
Deposits, increase	6,673,400
Reserve, increase	7,008,250

This gives the city banks a surplus reserve of about $17,500,000. WALL STREET.

FINANCIAL

AMERICAN FIRE
INSURANCE COMPANY

Office, Company's Building,
308 & 310 Walnut St., Philadelphia

$60,000 Six Per Cent. Collateral Trust Gold Bonds
OF THE
HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION
OF MINNEAPOLIS
Paid-in Capital, $1,000,000

These bonds are secured by a special deposit with a trust company of **First Mortgages on City property** in **Minneapolis and St. Paul exclusively** at the rate of **160 per cent. of Mortgages** for every bond issued.
They are also the direct obligation of a Company having a paid-in cash capital eight times the amount of its bonded debt.
The interest received from the Mortgages securing this issue is double the amount required to pay interest on the bonds. The net earnings of the Company during the year 1892 were $76,076, while the interest on this issue of bonds is only $7,500 per annum, less than one-tenth of the Company's present net income.
Principal payable in 1898. Coupons April and October, at Philadelphia. Can be registered if desired. Price, par, with accrued interest from April 1. I have exclusive sale of this issue.

H. F. NEWHALL
533 Drexel Building, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Our Book on Investments

$ we shall cheerfully send you, *free*.

We feel qualified to give such information because we have, for years, made a specialty of investments for colleges, estates, trustees, and others, with whom *safety* is the first consideration.

The Provident Trust Co. 45 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

Please mention The Outlook

Portrait of a Lady

who has cleaned house all day without Pearline—and she's had a lively time of it. There's another day just like it coming to-morrow—and more afterwards.

Now, see the difference. With Pearline, all this hard work would be easy; through in half the time; nobody disturbed by it. Pearline cleans, without the least harm, everything that water doesn't hurt. You won't have your paint streaked and rubbed off or your marble discolored or your temper ruffled or—well, Pearline banishes more of the ills attending house-cleaning than anything else known—just as good for washing clothes.

Send it Back

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back*. 409 JAMES PYLE, New York.

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A Question of Race

A purse-proud old nobleman was traveling through the rural districts of Sweden. One day he stopped his carriage at a country tavern, and called out in an imperious tone:

"Horses, landlord! Horses at once!"

"I am very much pained to inform you that you will have to wait over an hour before fresh horses can be brought up," replied the landlord, calmly.

"How!" violently exclaimed the nobleman. "This to me! My man, I demand horses immediately!"

Then, observing the fresh, sleek-looking ones which were being led up to another carriage, he continued:

"For whom are those horses?"

"They were ordered for this gentleman," replied the landlord, pointing to a tall, slim individual a few paces distant.

"I say, my man!" called out the nobleman, "will you let me have those horses if I pay you a liberal bonus?"

"No," answered the slim man. "I intend to use them myself."

"Perhaps you are not aware who I am!" roared the now thoroughly agitated and irate nobleman. "I am, sir, Field Marshal Baron George Sparre, the last and only one of my race."

"I am very glad to hear that," said the slim man, stepping into his carriage. "It would be a terrible thing to think that there might be more of you coming. I am inclined to think that your race will be a foot-race."

The slim man was the King of Sweden.

A Valuable Stocking

Edward Hutchinson Robbins was Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1793. His grandson, who describes him as a man of untiring kindness, "whose desire was to bless and serve others," says:

"Stephen Brewer, who knew him well, told me once that when he was a clerk in a store in Boston the old gentleman walked in with a gray stocking in his hand, the foot of which was full of Spanish dollars.

"'Stephen, my little man,' said he, 'take care of this for me; it's a new stocking, and my daughter Cassy knit it for me.'

"So Stephen put it away, and grandfather forgot it from that hour. But three months later he came into the store in much affliction.

"'Stephen, my little man,' said he, 'I've lost a stocking like this,' showing the mate, 'and I'm so sorry! My daughter Cassy knit them,' he said, tenderly, 'and I would not lose them for anything.'

"'I produced the stocking with the Spanish dollars tied up in the foot,' said Stephen, 'and there was no affectation about it—he really cared more about finding the stocking that his daughter had knit for him than he did for the money.'"

The Human Heart

The human heart is a hollow muscle of a conical form, placed between the two lungs, and inclosed in the pericardium, or heart sac. The ordinary size of the heart in the adult is about 5 inches in length, 3½ inches in breadth at the broadest part, and 2½ inches in thickness. Its weight is from 10 to 12 ounces in men, and from 8 to 10 ounces in women. Dr. Benecke, of Marburg, has made known his observations on the growth of the human heart, the fact appearing that the increase is greatest and most rapid during the first and second years of life, its bulk at the end of the second year being exactly double what it originally was; between the second and seventh years it is again almost doubled in size. A slower rate of growth then sets in, and continues during the period of maturity of other portions of the body. After the fifteenth year up to the fiftieth the annual growth of the heart is about .061 of a cubic inch, the increase ceasing about the fiftieth year. The heart, although so small, is a wonderful piece of mechanism, and of great power. With each stroke or beat it projects something like 2½ ounces of blood into the conduits or channels of the body, throwing it for a distance of nine feet. This is done 69 or 70 times a minute. The number of its pulsations varies in the sexes, and according to posture. In the male it beats 81 times per minute when standing, 71 when sitting, and 66 when lying. In females it is 91, 84, 80, in similar positions respectively.

Tramp—Madam, I have gone through many things. Woman—Yes, and you can go through that gate again as quick as you can. Here, Tige!—*Drover's Journal.*

For a Nerve Tonic
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Dr. H. M. HARLOW, Augusta, Me., says: "I regard it as one of the best remedies in all cases in which the system requires an acid and a nerve tonic. I have used it freely with most excellent results."

Macbeth's "pearl top" and "pearl glass" lamp-chimneys do not break from heat, not one in a hundred.

They are made of tougin clear glass, clear as crystal.

They fit the lamps they are made for. Shape controls the draft. Draft contributes to proper combustion; that makes light; they improve the light of a lamp.

Pittsburgh. GEO. A. MACBETH CO.

Why? Why is Strictly Pure White Lead the best paint? Because it will outlast all other paints, give a handsomer finish, better protection to the wood, and the first cost will be less.

If Barytes and other adulterants of white lead are "just as good" as Strictly Pure White Lead, why are all the adulterated white leads always branded Pure, or "Strictly Pure White Lead?" This Barytes is a heavy white powder (ground stone), having the appearance of white lead, worthless as a paint, costing only about a cent a pound, and is only used to cheapen the mixture.

What shoddy is to cloth, Barytes is to paint. Be careful to use only old and standard brands of

Strictly Pure White Lead

"ANCHOR" (Cincinnati)
"ARMSTRONG & McKELVY" (Pittsb'gh)
"ATLANTIC" (New York)
"BEYMER-BAUMAN" (Pittsburgh)
"BRADLEY" (New York)
"BROOKLYN" (New York)
"COLLIER" (St. Louis)
"CORNELL" (Buffalo)
"DAVIS-CHAMBERS" (Pittsburgh)
"ECKSTEIN" (Cincinnati)
"JEWETT" (New York)
"KENTUCKY" (Louisville)
"FAHNESTOCK" (Pittsburgh)
"LEWIS" (Philadelphia)
"MORLEY" (Cleveland)
"RED SEAL" (St. Louis)
"SALEM" (Salem, Mass.)
"SHIPMAN" (Chicago)
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If you are going to paint, it will pay you to send to us for a book containing information that may save you many a dollar; it will only cost you a postal card to do so.

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MILLIONS In it. Vacuum Leather Oil for 25c, and your money back if you want it.

Patent lambskin-with-wool-on swob and book—How to Take Care of Leather—both free at the store.

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A Wonder-working quarter is the 25 cents invested in a box of **Beecham's Pills**

(Worth a Guinea a Box.) (Tasteless)

—a medicine that in numberless cases, will give relief promptly. 17

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

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For Fall and Winter

We have stocked a special section on the main floor with Fall Importations of Bengalines.

These Bengalines are noted for great durability in wear, being composed of the finest silk and wool.

For variety in design and tasteful colorings, this season's stock is exceptional.

We have plain Bengalines, in every fashionable shade, $1.25 per yard and upward.

Shaded, Changeable, Plaid, and heavy Basket Bengalines, for rich Winter Garments.

These Novelties were imported expressly for use in large sleeves and for combination with our new wool Dress stuffs; they will be ready for purchasers this week, and will be found exceedingly moderate in price.

James McCreery & Co.
Broadway & 11th Street
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New England Loan & Trust Company

New York, September 14, 1893.

A NUMBER of articles have appeared in the public press recently representing that Western farmers have quite generally been unable to pay interest on their mortgages during the current year. We think our patrons may be interested to know the actual facts in relation to this matter so far as they concern our Company. All our patrons know that their coupons have been paid as usual during the stringency period, but they do not know whether interest has been generally paid to us by the borrowers. In order that they may be fully informed upon the subject, we have concluded to publish a statement of the items of our Interest Account. The amount of mortgages outstanding at the different dates referred to varies only slightly, as it is the policy of the Company to maintain the volume of the business at about the present figure, in the neighborhood of ten millions of dollars.

Our books show that the total amount of interest delinquent at the dates specified was as follows:

July 1st, 1892	$37,947 45
January 1st, 1893	27,711 42
July 1st, 1893	26,492 30

It will be observed that the amount of interest delinquent July 1st, 1893, was about $1,200 less than on January 1st, and about $11,500 less than on July 1st last year.

We have drawn the papers of our mortgages from the beginning of the business so as to make about an equal amount of interest due on the first of each month every year. With this fact in mind, we ask attention to the following statement showing the total amount of interest collected in each month of this year as compared with the same month of last year. It should be remembered that during last year the entire country was in a state of great prosperity:

INTEREST COLLECTIONS BY MONTHS

	1892	1893
January	$60,164	$55,942
February	56,654	53,574
March	60,813	71,484
April	61,613	63,728
May	55,184	60,724
June	58,982	66,460
July	46,403	47,606
August	52,282	46,073
	$452,095	$465,591

It will be noted that the total amount of interest collected in the eight months of this year exceeds the amount collected in the same months of last year by the sum of $13,496. It should also be noted in connection with this table that the midsummer is always a difficult time for farmers to raise money. During July and August of this year (embracing the period of greatest financial distress) it was practically impossible for Western farmers to obtain even a small sum of money either by borrowing or by sale of produce or stock. Notwithstanding this, the interest collections for July of this year were about 2½ per cent. in excess of those of last year, while in August they were not quite 12 per cent. less than last year. During the first nine days of September interest payments on Kansas and Missouri mortgages amounted to $1,159.93 more than for the same days last year.

During the eight months covered by the above table we paid to investors interest

On coupons of mortgage loans	$257,339
On coupons of debentures	146,090
Total	$403,429

By comparing this total with the total amount of interest collected in the eight months, it will be seen that the collections amount to $62,162 more than the payments.

This sum is composed mainly of the difference between the rates paid by the borrowers and the rate paid lenders.

In the light of these figures, does it not seem strange that any mortgage company should attribute its embarrassment to the failure of Western farmers to pay interest promptly?

We can only report what has come under our own observation and experience. This leads us to believe that throughout the trying times of the last few months Western farmers have met their obligations at least as satisfactorily as any other class of debtors. Our experience during this period has established more firmly than ever before our confidence in the safety and reliability of such Western mortgages as have been placed with reasonable prudence and care. No failures that have occurred, or may occur, can shake that confidence, for it is founded upon knowledge gained by constant contact with Western mortgages for more than seventeen years, and their negotiation to the amount of over twenty-one millions of dollars.

We have carefully analyzed all the failures that have occurred in our line of business. Not one of them has been due to any inherent weakness in the mortgage business, or in such mortgages as we negotiate. Some of them have been attributable to the making of loans in bad territory, or the making of bad loans in good territory. But the more important ones have been due to the investment of large sums in mining, real estate, railroad, irrigation, water-works, electric light, banking, and other schemes, in which the managers of the companies hoped to make more money than could be made out of a legitimate mortgage business.

Failures induced by such causes do not touch the question of the soundness and desirability of mortgages which represent only thirty to fifty per cent. of the actual value of good property located in the best sections of the West. Such mortgages have earned the right to a place among the best securities to be obtained. We have found them entirely satisfactory, and we intend to go steadily on negotiating them and recommending them. Our mortgages and our debentures are good safe investments, and they always will be if the business continues to be conducted as it should be.

D. O. ESHBAUGH, *President.*

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